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(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
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12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
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108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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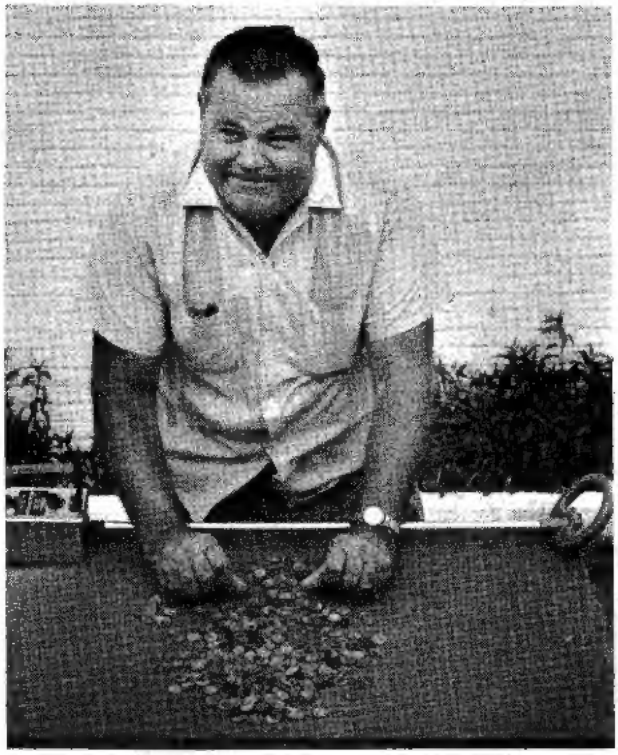

Dear Bill,

Recently I decided that I wanted to become a treasure hunter.

Several of my friends were having pretty good luck at coin shooting so I decided that was the way to start. Most of them (the lucky ones) were using D-TEX detectors. On May 5th, I got the D-TEX "Winner" and was soon launched on my new career.

Hunting mostly around parks and school grounds, I had accumulated the vast amount of 264 coins and felt that was pretty good for a beginner in only 8 or 9 weeks. On July 13 (my lucky number) I got up at 5:00 A.M. and headed for a neighborhood park to try to make it an even 300. I found one penny by the swimming pool. Next the monkey bars and found nothing. Then near the swings I got a loud signal. It was so loud I thought it was foil and started on. Then changed my mind and decided to dig, thinking no coin ever sounded that loud even on the surface. I had dug down about 6 inches with my knife and thought I must of had a false reading. No detector would detect a penny or even a silver dollar that deep. I stuck the loop over the hole again and the sound was so loud it almost scared me, so back to digging. The first thing was an old rotted pair of men's suede leather gloves, then I started getting coins. First 4 or 5, then a hand full.

By now the old blood pressure was getting up. I realized I was going to need better digging equipment, so looking furtively all around I quickly covered the hole. Then taking my "Winner" I nonchalantly sauntered back to the car. Looking all around and casually whistling and trying not to hurry. At last back to the car and away I went to get a shovel.

Hurrying back, I again strolled slowly back to my location, this time with a small shovel and again looking all around and being as casual as possible. I wasted no time digging it all out and into a sack. Quickly covered the hole, back to the car and away I go.

At home and still nervous as a cat, I washed and counted the grand total of 652 coins and with dates from 1911 to 1952. Makes you wonder, was it a stolen collection that the thief was afraid to spend and then later forgot where he had put them.

Anyway, it was my lucky day. I am now shooting for a total of 1,000 and don't have far to go. My total for the 8 to 9 weeks is now 916, so now I want your new Delux. If the "Winner" could find this, I should surely strike it rich with the "Delux". I also want to say "Thanks" for building such fine detectors.

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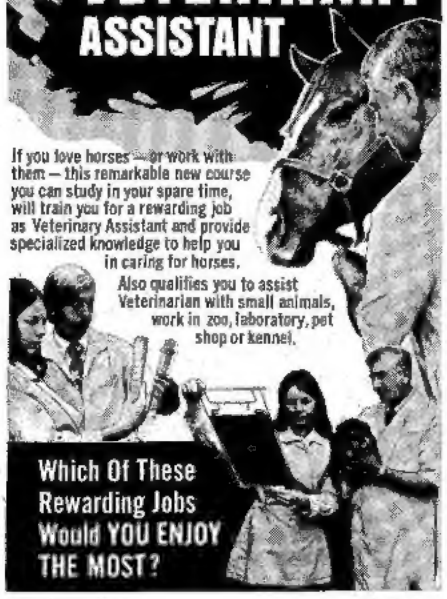

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FRONTIER TIMES

A Joe Small Publication

October-November, 1972
Vol. 46, No. 6
New Series No. 80

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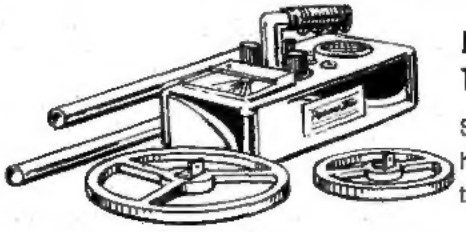

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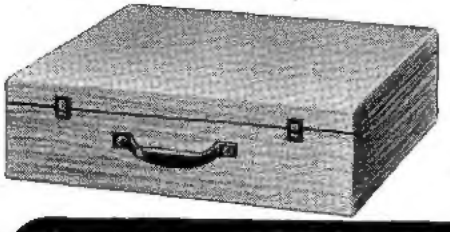

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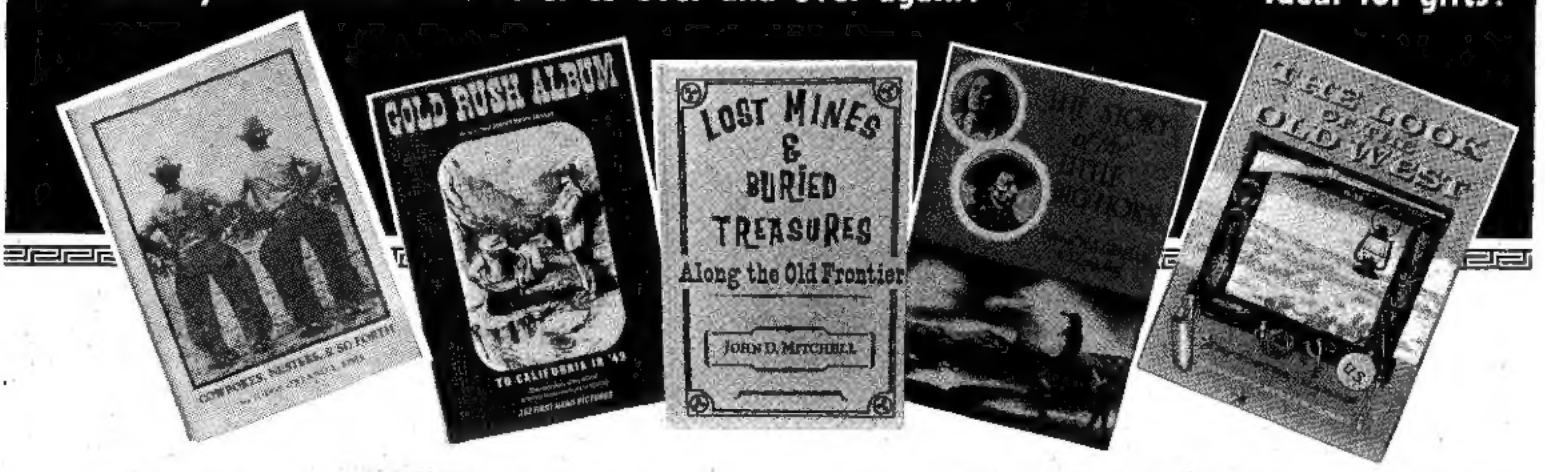

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FRONTIER POST

Famous Pioneer Woman's Death

On the 7th of May this year, one of the West's most famous pioneer women went to her reward. She was Mrs. Leona Montgomery Roberts, daughter of the Old West's famous stage driver, Jack Montgomery. He drove the stage that was robbed of one-half million dollars in gold dust—the largest amount ever taken in a robbery, and not one ounce recovered. Jack was severely wounded during this robbery but recovered. Four others were killed. Mrs. Roberts furnished the material for the story published by Western Publications a couple of years past.

Mrs. Roberts began delivering mail by horseback in wild Oregon country when she was sixteen years old. Her life story has never been written, much to the sorrow of all concerned. She was very active in civic affairs and was highly respected in her community. I consider it a great honor to have been associated with this great lady. She is sadly missed by all who knew her, but she will not be forgotten. So long as the history of Oregon exists, she will have her chapter. —Wayne Montgomery, 529 Michigan Avenue, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

Spanish-Mexican Symbols

I am interested in contacting anyone who knows about Spanish or Mexican symbols, especially ones that would have been used for burying treasure back in the 1700s. Any symbols of any kind used at any date would be greatly appreciated, as well as the names and authors of any books that I might read to give me this information.

I'm also seeking information on Boone's Ferry that was supposed to have been on the Neches River in East Texas, and the mission on the Neches River that was never found.—Mitchell Mainer, Route 4, Box 94, Rusk, Texas 75785

Wants Words To Songs

I would like to hear from anyone who might know the title and original words to the following song. Here are some of the words, as well as we can remember them:

My pal was a true young puncher
Honest, upright and square
But he turned to a hard shootin' gambler
'Cause a woman played unfair.

If she'd been half the pal she should have
He might have been raisin' a son
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by the ranger's gun.

Also, would like to hear from anyone who would have the words to the following three songs; "The Redheaded Brakeman," "Rock All the Babies to Sleep," and "The Letter Edged in Black."

I hope someone can help me with this. Will answer every letter I receive.—Rosemary McMullen, 1223 Chittenden, Cocoran, California 93212

Toppenish Hotel

I read your article in the May '71 FRONTIER TIMES on the Toppenish Hotel at Toppenish, Washington. This was of great interest to me as I was born and raised in the Toppenish area. Until I read the article I had no idea that the hotel had such a history. During the time I still made my home in the area, they tore the front porch, mentioned in the story, off the hotel. This past Easter weekend I returned to Toppenish for a visit and I was sad to see that the Toppenish Hotel is now an abandoned shell with most of the windows broken out. Such is "progress." The lodging needs of travelers are now served by modern motels on the outskirts of town.

Also, you mentioned the tall red house at Goldendale, Washington. I am glad to say that it is kept up as a landmark and tourist attraction. So I reckon not all is lost.—Perry W. Bastrom, Box 311, Carson, Washington 98610

Our "Yankee" Friend

I guess I'm one of your newer readers. I found out about your magazines at school a while ago when I found a 1961 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. I read it and became real interested in your magazines.

I am very interested in lost gold mines —the whole West in fact. If you have any information you could send me or know anyone I could get information from about gold mines, I'd sure appreciate it. Mainly I am interested in the Dutchman's Lost Mine.

I don't think I will go gold hunting for a few years though, mainly because I live in Massachusetts and am only twelve years old. When I grow up it is possible I might become a historian on the old West because that is one of three things I have a hankering to do. I have always wanted to hunt for lost mines, and visit ghost towns out West and I think I will sometime because I'm going to be moving West.

I think your TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, BADMAN and GOLD! magazines are among the best I have ever read—and I do an awful lot of reading. My one complaint is that you do not offer subscriptions to GOLD! and BADMAN.—Phillip Norment, 186 Pete Spring Road, Concord, Massachusetts 01742

Liked Amos Chapman Story

I have been reading your magazines for many years and always found them interesting, and according to what I can judge, all stories have been true. They have given me facts about the American West that I otherwise could not get. One of the best stories I have ever read in your magazines, I found in the May 1972 issue. It is the story "Amos Chapman, Scout."

I think that the author, in a very excellent way, has been able to describe what travel across the Plains with a wagontrain 100 years ago could involve—the heat, dust, and troubles of all descriptions. Day by day you can follow the wagontrain and almost take part in what happened to the people, their hopes and sorrows. More stories from that author, please.

I like your magazines and will be a reader of them for many years to come. They have became part of my life.—Theodor Hogstrom, Akerstigen 5, 69400 Hallsberg, Sweden

Milt Hinkle's Passing

Sure was sorry to hear Milt Hinkle has gone to the big roundup. I bet there is one heap big bang-up rodeo and show going on up there right now with Zack Miller, Bill Pickett and all the other late rodeo greats.

Milt will really put the finishing touch to things. I bet he has already saddled up old Blue Jay and gone for a look at the great heavenly spread.

Just can't see Milt anywhere there aren't good bucking horses, a good range and a good place to put on a great show. I bet things have really started to hum since he walked in. What a reunion! What a cast! Yes, Milt was quite a guy. I expect we won't see his like again soon. That's our loss—Heaven's gain.

Your magazines are really great. How else could we meet and share the wonderful experiences of such great old-timers as Milt Hinkle and Walt Coburn? I just hope you will rerun some of their best stories from time to time. All of your stories are good, though.—Mrs. Jo Ann Hollembeak, Route 2, Box 44, Ebony Road, Harlingen, Texas 78550

Lincoln County, Colorado

I would like to hear from anyone who lived in Lincoln County, Colorado about 1900 or before, who might have historical material to tell about those times; or from any descendants of pioneer families of Lincoln County who might have information, pictures or museum exhibits to contribute to the Lincoln County Historical Society.—Mrs. Jack R. Owen, Vice-President, Lincoln County Historical Society, Karval, Colorado 80823

La Sal Mine

In 1950 I had just moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado and three quite respectable gentlemen came to my office to discuss an old copper mine near La Sal, Utah, of which I'd never even heard. They had a lot of papers and maps and asked me if I'd join them and go look it over. I informed them that I knew nothing at all about that mine or any other mine and had never even been in

(Continued on page 50)

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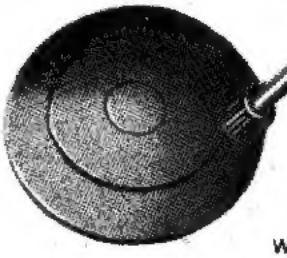

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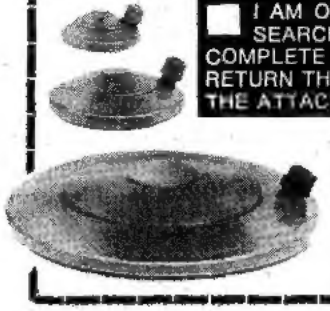

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BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

A WOMAN crouched in the cold water under an overhanging bank. Hidden by dense tule growth, she watched in horror as a scene out of hell unfolded before her eyes. Huts were burning, and screaming women and children ran through the smoke and flames in confused panic. Two soldiers suddenly loomed up out of the smoke and rushed over to where the woman was hiding. Their rifles were up in the air and on their bayonets hung a little girl. The child was thrown into the water.

A short distance away a woman lay on the ground, holding a baby in her arms. She had been shot through the shoulder and was moaning. Several soldiers rushed up, bayoneted both her and the baby, and threw them in the water. The woman cried out once and then was silent.

Other children lay scattered about like rag dolls as their parents staggered, bled and died in the smoke. Gradually the screams and gunfire died out and the soldiers moved quietly away. Only then did the few hidden survivors emerge to walk crying among the dead, looking for loved ones. Only then did they wish they hadn't hid—that they, too, had died!

No, the above isn't a recounting of the My Lai atrocity. Actually it was a scene frequently enacted in the American West throughout the late nineteenth century. The victims were the Indians; the aggressors, the white pioneers.

Specifically, the above report was given by an Indian woman who survived the Clear Lake massacre in 1850. The soldiers were United States troops and the action occurred in California where the native inhabitants met with a savagery that had no equal throughout the great expanse of the western states and territories. This is the story of a people who couldn't be pushed farther west. The California Indians, with an ocean at their backs, could only stand and die, and their story is one of the grimmest episodes in United States history.

The colonization of California was begun by the Spanish in 1769. It was a rich and fertile land of deserts, beautiful valleys and tree-shrouded mountains and hills. The native inhabitants lived a good life. War was practically unknown to them, and they were one of the few tribes of the Americas who didn't have a war club as a weapon! Unlike the buffalo-oriented Plains Indians and others, most of the California Indians could live on a variety of foods—from deer and insects to fish, fowl, grass seeds and acorns. There was an abundance of everything. Famine and disease were practically unknown.

The Spaniards realized that their best hope for colonizing the New World lay in making Christians and workers of the Indians. The missions were designed for this purpose, but the methods of the soldiers and padres often left much to be desired. Whole Indian villages were herded into the missions at sword point, and hard work, long hours, poor food and separation of families frequently made the California missions places of grief and misery.

There were nearly 250,000 natives in California when the Spanish came, although various estimates run somewhat lower. Disease was the first big destroyer. Spanish soldiers, in their sweeps through the interior villages to round up runaways or bring in new converts for the missions, spread venereal disease far and wide. Smallpox, cholera and all of the dreaded European plagues wreaked havoc in the new lands, too, although luckily contact with the invader was limited principally to the southern and coastal areas.

THE missions failed for the most part and were discontinued a few years after the territory became a Mexican province in 1822. Although the Mexicans accepted the Indians they, too, used them for slave labor. Indian workers were forcibly recruited to work on the large Mexican *ranchos*. Disease still swept periodically through the Indian villages and it is estimated that some 100,000 natives died from violence or sickness between 1820 and 1848.

In 1848, after the Mexican War and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, California was in American hands. This same year gold was discovered and fortune seekers flooded to the new Eldorado from all over the world. They came in a steadily increasing stream of wagons and ships, men from every walk of life, and mostly men without women. Seeking their fortune in a new and primitive land, they found themselves in an environment they had never known before. There was none of the restraining influence of civilization and family, and the prevailing opinion of the day was that Indians were savage brutes who must either be exterminated or somehow swept out of the way. It was in this climate that the events of the next twenty years took place.

Generally speaking, the miners and the Indians ignored each other at first—mostly because the white men were too busy looking for gold. As early as the spring of 1848, however, trouble began. Various outrages upon the Indians of the Coloma region resulted in the murder of several miners.

The original trouble was attributed to a group of former U. S. soldiers, but when Indians killed white men there was an immediate cry for revenge. Several groups of miners took the field and their actions became the pattern for future forays of this sort; they made little distinction between the guilty and innocent Indians. One group under a man named McKay attacked a native village, or *rancheria*, of twenty huts, killing some thirty of the inhabitants. Another party under John Greenwood assaulted a large *rancheria* on Weaver Creek and killed another twenty Indians, taking about thirty prisoners to the small settlement at Coloma. (Some accounts maintain that only a half dozen or so prisoners were brought back.)

Most versions mentioned a trial of some sort and then six or seven of the "guilty" Indians were herded down to the riverbank. When they broke and ran, two dozen rifles cracked and the Indians fell. Sam Osgood, a newspaper correspondent, wrote that several of the wounded natives were finished off with bowie knives, and at least one had his brains dashed out with rocks. One of the natives was scalped. A savage war of extermination had begun.

In 1849 and '50, atrocity was piled on atrocity. The most notable incident occurred at Clear Lake in Northern California. Here two white men had established a ranch and had virtually enslaved a nearby Indian village. Charley Stone and Andy Kelsey used the male Indians as ranch hands and the women as concubines. The natives were whipped, beaten and starved, and in a

Opposite page: This sketch, purporting to depict the Humboldt Bay massacre, appeared in *Harpers Magazine* in 1861 and was titled "Protecting The Settlers."

In the 1850s Indians in California were treated "with a heartless brutality unequaled in the United States history"

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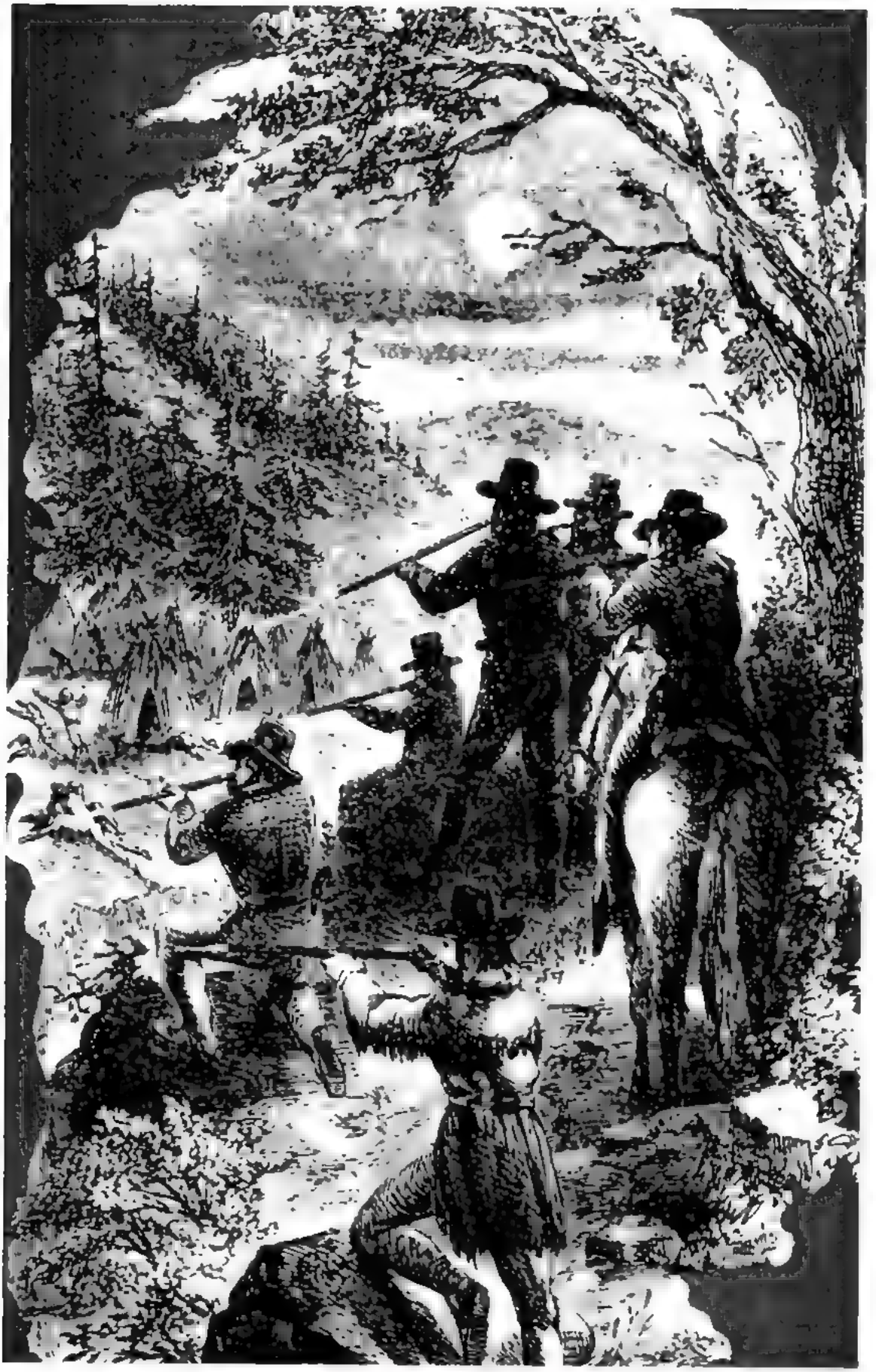


Courtesy Native Daughters Museum, Oroville, California

Above: A group of northern California Indian fighters who helped exterminate the Yahi Indians of that region. Hiram Good is in the center. Below: All through the gold rush days and after, an Indian could be killed with impunity in California. It is one of the cruelest chapters in American frontier history.

gold hunting expedition in the spring of 1849, nearly one hundred natives died of starvation and disease.

Before the advent of Stone and Kelsey, Mexican *vaqueros* had lived among these Clear Lake Indians for years without trouble. Native accounts state that even the cruelty and many deaths resulting from beatings were not the ultimate cause of the rebellion. Only when food rations were cut back and they were literally starving to death did the Indians kill Stone and Kelsey.

IT WAS nearly a year later that a U. S. army command under Captain Nathaniel Lyon, later a noted Civil War hero, reached Clear Lake with orders to punish the Indians. When scouts warned of the approaching troops, the Indians fled to an island in the lake where they thought they were safe, but the soldiers had brought boats with them. While some of the soldiers remained on shore as a guard, the balance attacked the island with devastating results. Fleeing for their lives the Indian men, women and children were slaughtered ruthlessly.

"Having rapidly cleared the island," wrote Lyon in his official report, "the tula [tules] was thus thoroughly searched, with severe and protracted efforts, and with most gratifying results. The number killed I confidently report at not less than sixty, and doubt little that it extended to a hundred and upwards .... Their fire upon us was not effective, and no injury to the command occurred."

The Indian version of the affair filled in details that were left out of Lyon's report. When the troops landed on the island several Indians went out to meet them and to talk. They were shot down. Then the startling scenes which opened this article took place as men, women and children were bayoneted and shot by the troops. A few were able to hide in the tules or escape to shore, but in a short time most of them were dead. An Indian survivor later recalled that when the dead were gathered, "All the little ones were killed by being stabbed, and many of the women were also killed by stabbing."

Lyon's troops now headed west toward the Russian River where another Indian *rancheria* was attacked. It was a repeat of the island massacre at Clear Lake and Lyon remarked in his report that the "number killed I confidently report at not less that seventy-five, and have little doubt it extended to nearly double that number." Indians later told of their kinsmen being tied to trees and burned to death during this campaign. In this later skirmish, two of Lyon's troops were wounded.

The miners had continued their own War whenever they saw fit and seemed unable to comprehend that they were living on Indian land, depriving them of food and destroying their way of life. Whether for the killing of a white miner, or the stealing of a hog or horse, the penalty was often the same—destruction of everything Indian that could be found.

After the wiping out of an Indian *rancheria* near Sonora in 1850, one of the miners was moved to write, "I could not help asking myself the question, as to how far we were warranted in destroying life and property to such an extent. . . ." That same year another writer told of an Indian foray which was avenged by a group of miners. When they found the *rancheria* the miners "killed old men, squaws, and children, the bucks having fled. I am thankful that I did not join them as their acts were more foul than the Indians'."

George Goddard, writing in April 1851, noted, "The unfortunate Indians are shot down like deer by the Americans and because they refused to work for some of them. . . ."

Most of the miners cared little for the rights or grievances of the native Californians. Speaking of an attack on an Indian village, a participant wrote, "There were about twenty killed and twelve taken prisoners. We took only the children and two squaws. Some of the party were lucky enough to get three boys and girls from 7 to 12 years of age. The poor devils had neither bows, arrows, nor other arms, and consequently could make no resistance; and

it appeared almost like murder to kill them. . . ."

This particular account was published in the Marysville *Herald* in July 1851. Such newspaper notices were scarce, however, since participants rarely cared to tell of their numerous raids. It was only in diaries and personal journals and accounts written in later years that the story becomes clear. A vast number of American settlers in California saw nothing wrong in the notion that, as an inferior being, the California Indian should be exterminated.

THE constitution of the State of California, adopted in 1849, prohibited the Indian from citizenship. Further, he could not testify in court, had no property rights, could be declared a vagrant and sold to the highest bidder and, with the consent of parents, could be indentured for a long period of time.

As serious as were the legal denials of the Indian rights the thinking of the white settlers was perhaps the most serious cause of friction. "We will let those rascally redskins know," wrote an early California pioneer, "that they have no longer to deal with the Spaniard and the Mexican, but with the invincible race of American backwoodsmen, which has driven the savage from Plymouth Rock to the Rocky Mountains, and had headed him off here on the western shore. . . ."

Writing from Weaverville in June 1852, Franklin Buck noted that a "short time ago they [the Indians] killed a Mr. Anderson from this place, close by town. A party of men went out, discovered the *rancheria*, surrounded it and killed 140 Indians. They brought in one squaw and a little boy. *Their destiny is to be exterminated.*"

Generally speaking, the California Indians were a docile people who wanted only to live in peace with the white invader. Yet the white accounts of the gold rush days tell of a steady stream of Indian depredations—murders of miners, killing of stock and the stealing of hogs, horses and mules for food. Why? Why did the Indian attack the white man, knowing full well that a terrible retribution awaited him? The answer was survival.

As white miners flooded into California they pushed the Indians out of the foothills, for this was where the gold was. This foothill country was the ancestral home of the natives and the location of their food supply. Forced into the mountains, the Indians starved unless they could raid the farms and homes of the settlers.

But many of the Indian *rancherias* remained in the foothills and here another problem arose. The Indian food supply consisted of acorns, clover, grass seeds and the like. The settlers' hogs ate the acorns, and livestock depleted other food supplies. Fishing was ruined by miners muddying the streams. There is ample testimony from white sources that the Indians suffered terribly when they lost their food supply. Again, the choice was to raid the stock of the settlers or starve.

Though the food supply was problem enough, other aggressions tormented the Indians beyond endurance. The vanguards of the gold rush were men without women and it was many years before any kind of balance was achieved. Many early settlers bought Indian "wives," later to abandon them when times became more stable. An 1855 article in the Trinity County *Monitor* noted that a "good middling" squaw could be had for "five oxen, seven deer and five pair of blankets." Others among the miners and settlers cared little about how they obtained Indian women. In a letter to Indian Agent A. M. Rosborough in 1855, a man named William Young described the actions of a group of irresponsible miners on the Klamath River. "They have singled out all the squaws compell-

Photos Courtesy Fresno County Historical Society

Right: A group of Fresno County Indians on their *rancheria*. Note the barren hills, land the white man did not want. Lower left: Indian village in the Clear Lake area. A group of Pomos were ruthlessly slaughtered by United States army troops in 1850 on an island in Clear Lake. Lower right: A Yosemite Indian woman stands outside her cedar bark home or *umuicha*. Indian women were cruelly treated during the gold rush days and slavery and rape were common.

Courtesy Bancroft Library

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

ing them to sleep with some man every night. This causes great excitement, the bucks complain daily of it. . . . If you remember, one of the squaws had a child while you were here. Since then the child has died; the same afternoon one of the men of the party says now I will have a squaw to sleep with, same day of the death of the child, beat the squaw until she could not walk because she would not consent to sleep with him."

In an army report dated 1859 in Northern California, Lieutenant Edward Dillon told of the rape of a young Indian girl who was only twelve or fourteen years old. In another report, this same officer tells of the forcible abduction of squaws from an Indian reservation. Such scenes as the above were not uncommon during the gold rush days and the side effects of venereal disease can well be imagined.

OTHER barbarous practices further insured hostilities between the two races. As early as 1854 an article in the San Francisco *Alta California* charged, "Abducting Indian children has become quite a common practice. Nearly all the children belonging to some of the Indian tribes in the northern part of the state have been stolen. They are taken to the southern part of the state and there sold."

The kidnapping of young Indians began about 1852 and lasted at least until 1867. One estimate has it that some three or four thousand children were stolen during this period, and this wouldn't include Indian women abducted for concubinage. These children were sold to white settlers as servants, farm hands and helpers for skilled craftsmen. Ignoring the manner in which these slaves were obtained, the settlers justified buying them as a charitable act which was done in the natives' best interest.

In 1854 the Superintendent for Indian Affairs for California charged that a band of about twenty Mexicans was traversing the coast range from Bodega to Shasta. These men had no other occupation than to steal Indian children for the purpose of selling them. They would ride among the Indian villages until they spotted a group of squaws and children working away from the men. Swooping down on their victims, the Mexicans would lasso the children and then dispose of them in San Francisco or some other large city. In a number of instances, the kidnappers didn't hesitate killing the parents to secure the children they were after.

The truly appalling situation was underscored in a report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1861. "In the frontier portions of Humboldt and Mendocino Counties a band of desperate men have carried on a system of kidnapping for two years past. Indian children were seized and carried into the lower counties and sold into virtual slavery. These crimes against humanity so excited the Indians that they began to retaliate by killing the cattle of the whites. At once an order was issued to chastise the guilty. Under this indefinite order a company of United States troops, attended by a considerable volunteer force, has been pursuing the poor creatures from one retreat to another. The kidnappers follow at the heels of the soldiers to seize the children when their parents are murdered, and sell them to the best advantage. . . ."

There were numerous newspaper accounts and government reports of the situation. An editorial in the Marysville *Appeal* for December 1861, commented that ". . .it is from the mountain tribes that white settlers draw their supply of kidnapped children, educated as servants, and women for purposes of labor and lust. . . . It is notorious that there are parties in the northern countries of this state, whose sole occupation has been to steal young children and squaws . . . [and] dispose of them at handsome prices to the settlers, who, being in the majority of cases unmarried but at housekeeping, willingly pay fifty or sixty dollars for a young Digger to cook and wait upon them, or a hundred dollars for a likely young girl. . . ."

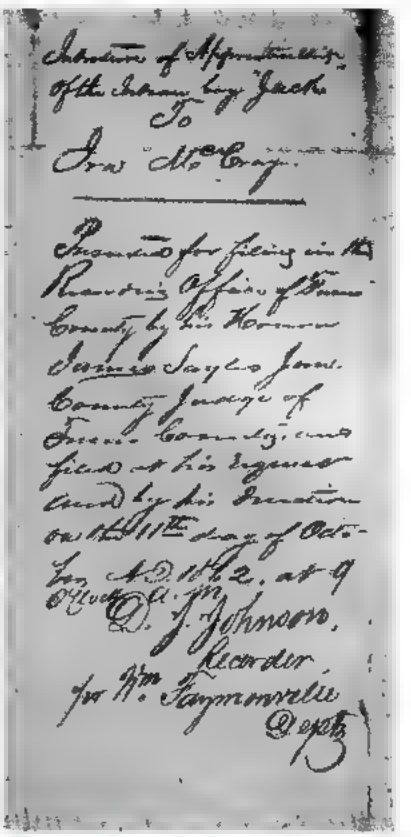
Added to starvation, rape and kidnapping was the brutal personal treatment accorded the Indians. A letter written in 1854 chronicled an Indian scare that precipitated the forming of a posse of miners on the Klamath River. According to the letter the group was made up of "15 or 20 of the most trifling rabble." After riding about for some time and discovering that the rumors of trouble were false, the posse went ahead and attacked the first *rancheria* they came upon anyway. According to their own figures they killed some thirty Indians and then "went about the country shooting down Indians wherever they could find them—attacking them at their fishing, dragging them from the houses of white men who had them in their employment laboring, and taking them off and murdering them. . . ." Only a disgusted posse of other miners made them stop the slaughter.

IN Mendocino County, in 1857, some three hundred Indians died from exposure after being used as pack animals. A deposition taken by a legislative investigating committee disclosed that the Indians were forced to carry fifty-pound loads through snow and mud with nothing more than deerskins around their shoulders for clothing. The following year a Mr. Hall used thirteen Indians in the place of pack animals and promised them each a shirt for their labors. When the shirts weren't offered at the end of the job, the Indians complained and were subsequently whipped. Hall bragged later that the Indians never did get their shirts.

A brief paragraph in the Stockton *San Joaquin Republican* in January 1860 showed the callous indifference with which Indians were regarded. Under the title of "Laying of Indians," the story told how in "Grass Valley last week two

(Continued on page 54)

Photos Courtesy Fresno County Historical Society



Indenture of Apprenticeship of the Indian boy Jack To Ira McCray.

Fee $1.00 for filing in the Recorder's Office of Fresno County by Ira Harmon

James Sayles Jun. County Judge of Fresno County, and filed at his request and by his direction on the 11th day of October A.D. 1862, at 9 o'clock A.M.

D. J. Johnson, Recorder. by Wm. Taylorville Deputy

Left: La Ache, a Fresno area Indian known among the Americans as "Jack." This is possibly the same Indian boy who was apprenticed to Ira McCray in 1862. Right: A docket of an "Indenture of apprenticeship of the Indian boy 'Jack' to Ira McCray." The boy was about 12 years old at the time and the document states that he must in all ways obey his new master and give him any money he may earn. McCray in turn, is told to take care of his ward and, when he is 25 years old, to release him with a horse and $25.00. McCray was a prominent early pioneer in Fresno.

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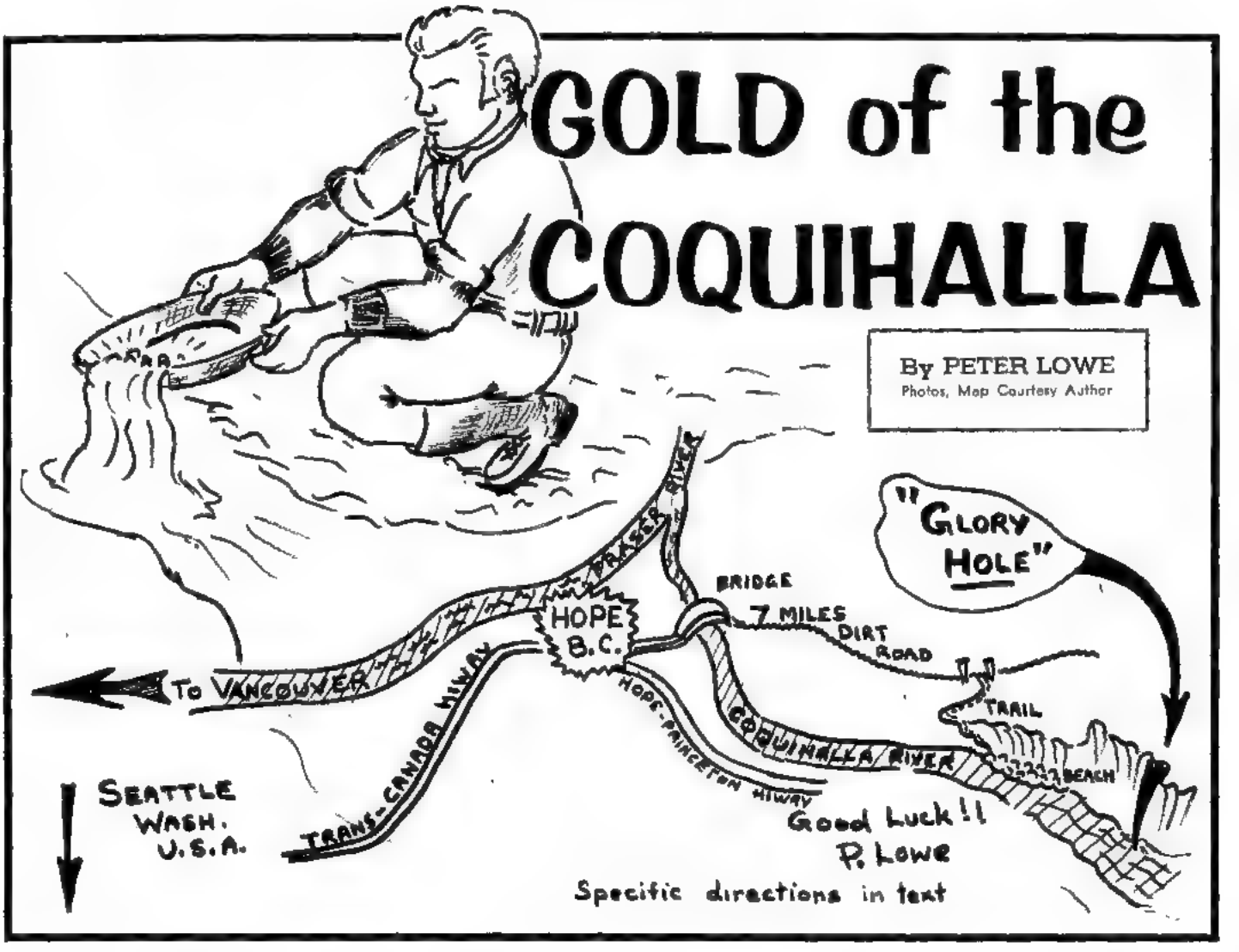
GOLD of the COQUIHALLA

By PETER LOWE
Photos, Map Courtesy Author



It's so close you can almost touch it—but the author feels that the lucky hand which eventually reaches this fortune will have to be full of greenbacks first . . .

THE narrow, rutted dirt road was overhung with gnarled, foliage-laden branches of a forest that was slowly obliterating the way to the gold we were seeking. My partner, Jim Lyall, and I had left Hope, British Columbia just a short half hour before, but already we'd entered a region that was both weird and wonderful.

I had often heard of the strange sense of complete aloneness that seemed to descend upon visitors to the deep and awesome gorge through which the Coquihalla River tumbled on its way to the sea. Now, only five miles east of the bustling town of Hope, I was rapidly becoming a firm believer in these tales.

Soon the wooden posts of a long abandoned placer claim jutted up from the tall grass on the right hand side of the road. Jim checked the odometer. Seven miles of bad road lay behind us. If our information was correct, there would be a barely discernible trail just beyond the first post. It would lead sharply downward to the river's edge, a quarter-mile below the road.

The trail was there. Everything seemed to be checking out just fine. As we returned to the camper to unload our gear I mentally mulled over the events that had brought us to the Coquihalla.

Lytton, B. C., is a small colorful town and lies just seventy miles north of Hope. The town owes its existence to the old goldrush days of the 1860s and is situated at the confluence of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. I'd driven up through Fraser Canyon one day to visit the Lone Wolf Mining Company near Lytton. The owner of this Fraser River Placer mine is slim, wiry Ray Cyr.

Ray lives, breathes, and sleeps gold. What he doesn't know about the yellow metal just isn't worth knowing. While Ray showed me around his workings that day, I had casually mentioned I was a diver and had tried some underwater gold dredging. Then I asked if he knew of a spot that might be worked with some degree of success. That's when I learned of the Coquihalla.

According to Ray, gold could be found on any of the small bars and beaches of the river. A sniper with a gold pan was always good for a few dollars. This hadn't sounded very encouraging. I followed him, somewhat glumly, to his home, perched on a high bluff overlooking the claim. A bottle was soon introduced into the conversation. After a few drinks, Ray started to loosen up. The story he told me follows.

A FEW years back, Ray had been working in a small cafe near Hope. One day a man entered and sat in one of the booths. A conversation ensued about placer mining, and the man had suddenly produced a few large nuggets of gold. They had come, he said, from a small pebble beach about six or seven miles above Hope on the Coquihalla River.

There was a bend in the river at this point and the beach ended at the base of a sheer cliff face that overhung the water. This rocky barrier had blocked all efforts to reach or search out the source of the nuggets. The man had backtracked to the road, then hiked down to a point that placed him atop the high cliff. Peering over the edge, he had looked straight down into a huge cleft in the rock face. The cleft disappeared be-

neath the surface of the water below. The man believed his nuggets had somehow washed free from this natural pocket and that he was looking straight down into a glory hole. Short of attempting suicide, there was no way he could reach the bottom and, even then, there would be twenty feet of water to contend with.

Ray had queried the man as much as he dared, and the following day had located the cliff face. He even panned some flake gold on the pebble beach. He had also peered down into what might very well be a glory hole. Being unable to swim, however, Ray gave up his quest as had the man before him. Soon after, Ray came into possession of the Lone Wolf Mine.

I returned to Vancouver with a chart of the area and a burning desire to visit the Coquihalla at the earliest opportunity.

Getting our gear down the river was no easy task. We had a small gas-powered compressor complete with a volume tank and two 100-foot lengths of air hose. We also carried two complete wetsuits, fins, knives, masks, two of the heaviest weight-belts I have ever assembled, and a full five-gallon gas can. The firefighting pump weighed 45 pounds and came with 100 feet of 1½-inch fire hose. One end of the hose was to attach to the pump and the other end to a 3-inch underwater gold dredge. Added to this were goldpans, cameras, food and a small, black dog named Clutch.

The dredge is designed to suck up gravel, rocks and water, shoot all of this through a long tube and over a small set of riffles built into the end of the dredge. Theoretically, if gold is passed through the tube, it will fall into the riffles while the lighter gravels and rocks shoot straight through into the river again.

Somehow everything got moved in two trips. Then an arduous hike upstream began, over boulders and fallen trees, until finally we were forced to leave the impassable land and wade through knee-deep water. Just when I was about to call a rest halt, the pebble beach revealed itself a short distance ahead. And just beyond the beach a great cliff grew from the water's edge.

The sight of the beach and cliff renewed our hopes of ultimate success. After a short rest, Jim got into his wetsuit, donned fins and face mask and entered the water. If there was a cleft in the cliff, I'd soon hear about it. I busied myself with the equipment, setting everything up and making certain it all worked smoothly.

Jim was still around the other side of the cliff when I'd finished so I picked up a gold pan. Gold nuggets had come from this beach and Ray Cyr had panned flake gold near the river's edge. Washing out a few pans of gravel might bolster my belief in the glory hole that lay beyond the restrictive barrier of the cliff.

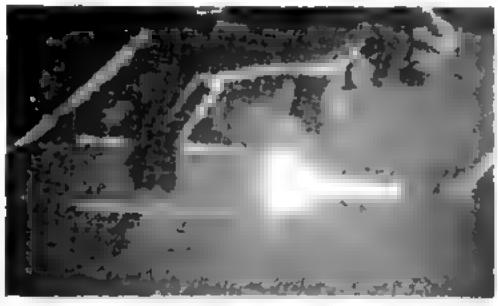
My first pan of dirt showed a small amount of black sand and a few tiny gold gleams. The second and third were the same. I gave up on the river's edge. During high water this small beach was sure to lie under the surface. Near a big boulder by the edge of the forest, I scooped large handfuls of tightly packed, sandy earth into the pan.

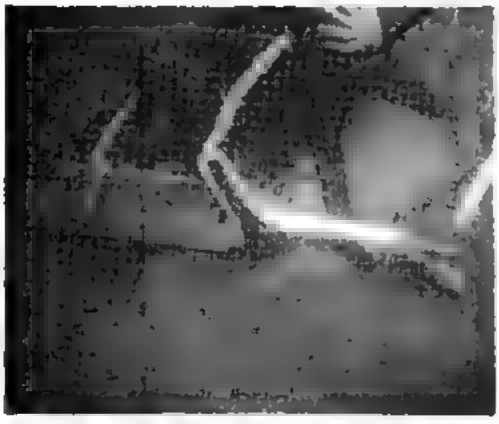
I was more than encouraged with the results. Swirling the last of the dirt over the pan edge, I fanned the black sand into a semi-circle, revealing a few hundred gleaming colors near the perimeter. The magnetic sand was quite coarse and laced with small pebbles.

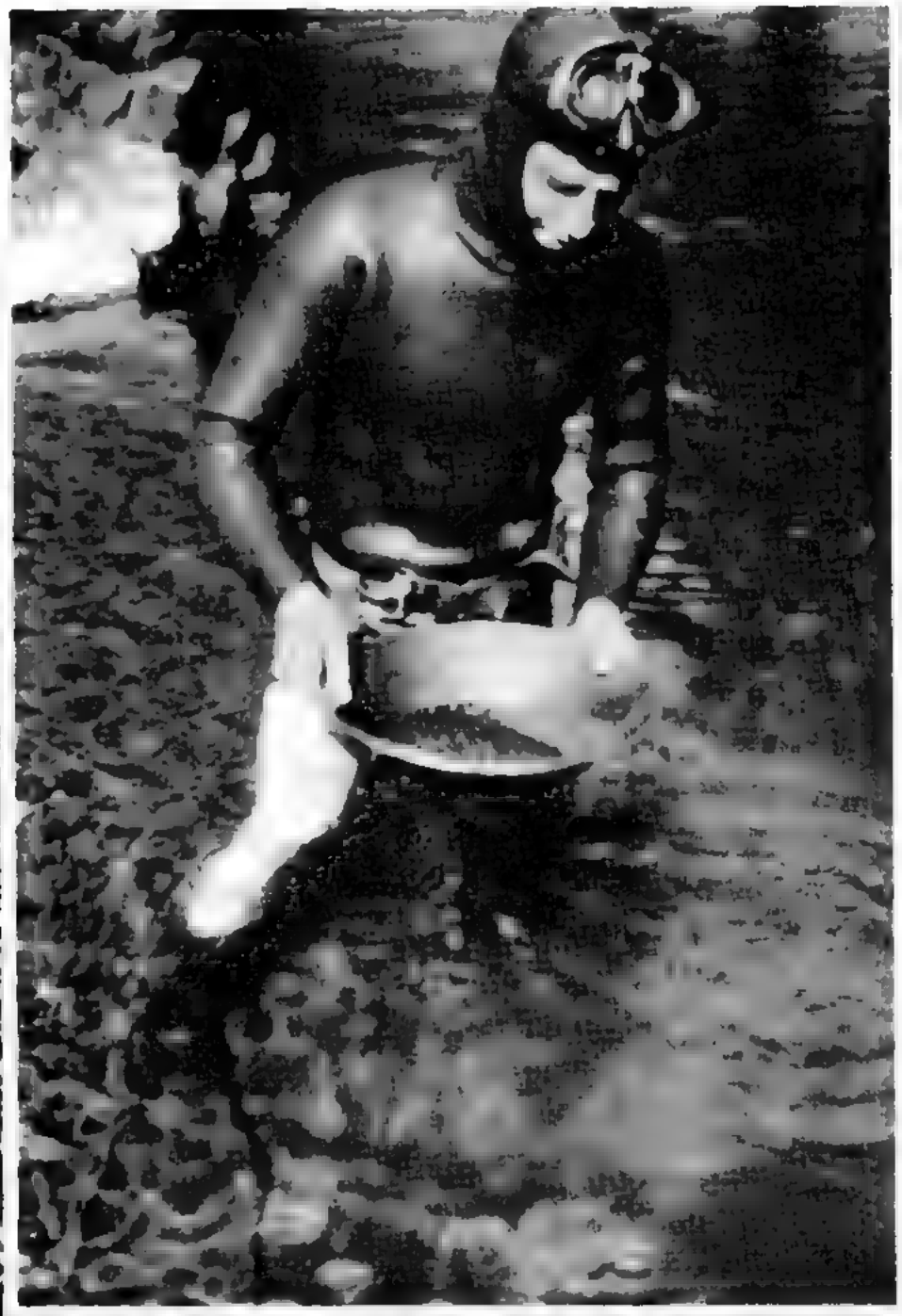
JIM returned, moving swiftly in the downstream current. The news was not good. He had located a large cleft just in and behind the cliff that looked very promising. The water depth from our side of the cliff to where the cut began was fifteen to twenty feet. In the cleft itself, however, the water was but six to seven feet deep. Over the years great pieces of rock from the fissure and boulders from atop the cliff had fallen to the bottom. Eight to ten feet of massive debris now covered the river bottom inside the cleft. A fair amount of time and money would have to be spent just to clear the rock from the hole.

Jim's spirits picked up considerably when he saw the colors I'd washed from the beach. He had a suggestion. He had spotted a massive boulder near the outside edge of what we were fondly calling our glory hole. The downstream side of the boulder was buried in gravel which our dredge could easily handle. What lay beneath the boulder was anyone's guess.

One thing was certain. Our limited time and equipment prevented us from working inside the great cut in the cliff. Jim swam a line across the face of the cliff and soon our equipment was swaying perilously just above the surface of the river. One by one the pieces were transferred and made ready for use. Then it was my turn to go in for a swim. Jim's small dog, Clutch, preferred dry land and no amount of coaxing could get him to try our watery path.







Opposite page: Top, Jim Lyall muscles the dredge into a better position. Middle, Down to bedrock near the base of the cliff, moving toward the boulder (lower right corner). Gold found in creases of the bedrock under the boulder is believed to come from the "Glory Hole." Bottom, Gear on the face of the cliff. Glory Hole prospect is in the back of the broken-up section. Above: Some of the gold of the Coquihalla. Magnet shows the coarseness of the black sand near the Glory Hole prospect. Ring helps give the size of the nuggets. Left: Panning out the gold, nearly 24 carat fine. Bottom: Gold dredge with pump on the beach of Coquihalla River. The cleft was discovered on the other side of cliff in the background.

The pump and compressor were tied down and fired up. Jim would handle the dredge while I cleared away obstructions from the dredgemouth. The water was cold and clear. Time passed as the small dredge steadily devoured the gravel. I guided the mouth of the dredge into a crevice on the bared bedrock near the boulder. My eyes popped wide open as the intake slurped up a flat yellow slug a good inch in diameter.

GOLD! Jim was pounding me on the shoulder and I looked up quickly. He was pointing at the riffle box with sharp jerky motions. He had seen it too. Now, in his excitement, he was holding the dredge at a high angle. I pushed it down, motioning for him to keep it level with the stream bottom. I wondered if the heavy slug had already dropped from the riffles due to his excited action.

During the next two hours I left the water once to gas up the machines. Jim refused to give up the dredge even though he was exhausted. The riffles were badly overloaded when the machines ran out of gas again and we finally gave it up.

We dumped our gravelly load onto a piece of canvas and pawed through the dirt, looking for that large gold nugget. Jim found it even as I scooped up two smaller gold slugs. Altogether we picked

(Continued on page 62)

WARRIOR'S WIT

BY A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Photos Courtesy Author

"DUTCHY", a fledgling warrior of the Aravaipa Apache tribe, believed in killing. Like his forefathers, he believed that man was either good or bad. A good man was free to do as he pleased: if bad, he was to be punished—and the only lasting punishment was death. That was Apache tradition.

When the Spaniards invaded Apacheria back in 1540, it soon became apparent that they were all bad. The Apaches killed them, or were themselves killed. Apacheria extended from the Rio Pecos on the east to the Rio Colorado on the west and the Rio Yaqui to the south. The *Dine* (The People) were gripped in constant warfare with those rapacious *Conquistadores*. By 1796 the Pueblo People and all other sedentary tribes had capitulated, leaving the *A-pachu* (The Common Enemy) to fight or die alone. They fought—and nearly freed their beloved mountains and deserts of the hated *Besh-di-guachi* (Devil men in iron), but the Spaniards had by then propagated a hybrid breed called *Nakai-ye* or *Nakavdi* (Mexicans).

This was the Apache life-way until the Anglo-American *monteros* came soon after the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. These *Innaa* (White Men) were good. The Treaty of Hidalgo Guadalupe in 1848, followed by the Gadsden Purchase of 1853-4, brought an influx of more *Innaa* of *Pinda-lick-O-Ye* (Men with White Eyes) and these too were good - at first.

Generals Kearny and Carleton also believed in killing; the Apache lived by it. The Mimbreño tribe under Mangas Coloradas and the Chiricahua under Cochise gained three great victories in Doubtful Canyon in 1861, and four more in Apache Pass, but lost the big battle of Apache Pass to Carleton on July 15, 1862. Apacheria seethed. By 1870 the Indians had won scores of battles—and lost only a few—from the Needles Range to the Mogollon Plateau, but the Aravaipa tribe surrendered. The ailing Esk-i-min-zin had ordered his tribe to live in peace with the White Eyes. This seemed the sensible thing to do—what with the soldiers and pioneer settlers pouring in, building forts and towns, killing and capturing as they went along.

The Aravaipa settled at Camp Grant and began farming in the flatlands around the confluence of Aravaipa Creek and the San Pedro River. The cavalry troop stationed there was absent several days pursuing a Chiricahua war party when, on April 30, 1871, a nocturnal invasion of white enemies and outlaws routed the sleeping Indians and massacred 125 men, women and children. This was the year that *Dat'i-ti'zin-tien* (Born to be Feared) had entered the warrior age for Apache young men. He was critically wounded in the massacre and probably left for dead.

The cavalry returned and found the bodies; the survivors, many more dead than alive, had dragged themselves into the desert hills. The scouts rounded them up and the soldiers took them to their base camp near the junction of the San Carlos and Gila Rivers. They were registered under their Apache names and under improvised names when their true ones were too hard to spell out—thus *Dat'i-ti'zin-tien* became Dutchy. Within a month, with army medical aid, Dutchy had almost recovered from his wounds.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK arrived in Apacheria in June 1871, and his first general order was to form two new companies of Apache scouts. In the meantime the scouts who had brought in the Camp Grant survivors had become friendly with Dutchy. They told him about their good way of life—almost as wild and free as in the old days—as scouts for the white man's army. They told Dutchy so many favorable things that he volunteered for enlistment and was accepted into Company B. A diligent trainee, he won a First Class rating and was given time off to visit his clan. A big feast was in progress when he arrived. By executive order, dated November 8, 1871, this chunk of wilderness had been designated San Carlos Apache Reservation, and the Aravaipa were celebrating.

Dutchy joined in and the maidens noticed him. One of them was *Nod-ez-ti' nata* (Fat and Frisky) but named Mushy on the reservation rolls. Mushy recognized an unreconstructed spirit in Dutchy (something the soldiers had missed) and she let him know how she actually felt about reservation life. Although outwardly contented, Dutchy agreed with Mushy that there must be a better way to live, even among the White Eyes. One thought led to another, and during that full moon the tribal shaman united them in a traditional wedding ceremony. This act was Dutchy's first big mistake as a scout—he had failed to get official permission to get married.

Dutchy seethed. Who ever heard of an Apache getting permission to marry (other than from the maiden's parents), let alone from some white man? His Chief of Scouts, Al Sieber, interceded with the brass and nothing more was said—except that Dutchy was promptly transferred to field duty in the faraway Yavapai-Mogollon war zone.

More than a year passed, and by 1873 Scout Companies A, B and C were on full-time field duty as serious trouble was boiling at Fort Apache and San Carlos. Mushy was distraught over such long separations from her husband. During his first brief furlough home he promised her he would be back again soon, and she put on a calm front which convinced him she would be all right.

Following his second furlough, he wasn't gone more than a few days before she reverted to her natural self and threw a tantrum. Members of her family tried to placate her, but she wanted none of them. She just wanted Dutchy back. When her kin persisted in trying to help her she became frantic. Her protestations became screams—or shrieking threats. An overly annoyed old woman made the unfortunate remark that Mushy's nature seemed to have become a *ga'n ovendi* (devil spirit). Several heard the remark and, simpleminded like sheep, spread the damaging word that Mushy was a witch.

The belief in witches and wizards in Apacheria was widespread. The old Apaches had been reared in ancient superstitions since the dawn of time. Now, the reservation Apaches believed that witchery was showing its wicked head at San Carlos, as it already had at Fort Apache in the White Mountains. Had not Mushy wedded Dutchy who had traded his inherited warrior status for that of whites? When Dutchy lay wounded had he not rejected the tribal medicine men and accepted help from the army medics? Was he not therefore marked as a wizard or a warlock? Was not his friend the fearsome half-breed Mickey Free, one of the white man's

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foremost scouts? Most everyone secretly believed that Free was either a wizard or else superhuman.

Soon the entire scout force was suspect. The People had been intruded upon and pushed around for over three centuries and in their still primitive culture were prime subjects for sorcery. It was practiced by a minority able to think faster than the majority—such as the tribal shamans who were always preaching and singing and sprinkling their sacred pollen on everybody and everything.

The Tonto, Cibicu, Carrizo, Mogollon, Yavapai and Maztazales tribes on the northern reservation believed that rotting flesh (gangrene) was caused by witches. The Mescalero Reservation peoples—Mimbreno, Jicarillo, Chisos and Mescaleros—had weird beliefs that stemmed from peyote. The San Carlos Pinalenos, Gilaenos, Coyoteros and Chiricahui embraced the Manso doctrine (from Padre Tomas Manso—1601-1662): an acceptance of the burning pit (hell) and evil spirits (ghosts).

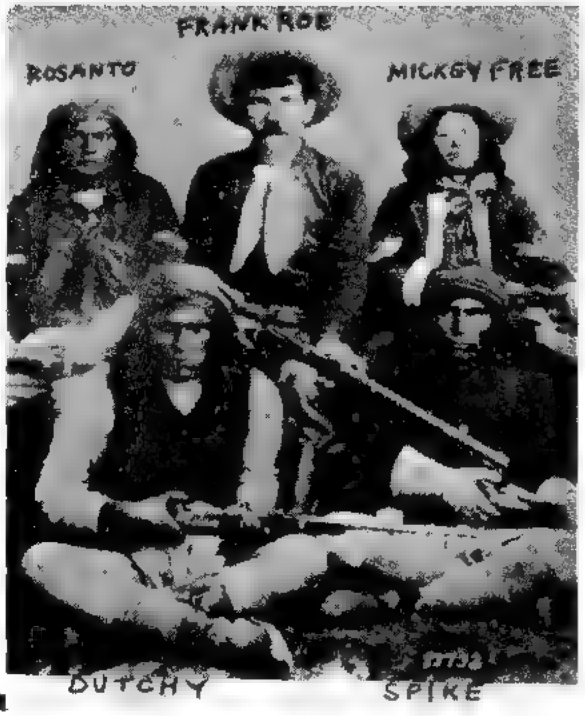
DUTCHY, stationed in the remote eastern section of the vast San Carlos, heard of his wife's plight. By then the hideous curse of "Witch Woman" had been hanging over Mushy's head for about a month. Not asking for permission to go to her aid, he hit the trail, but was soon overtaken by his sergeant, Mickey Free. Dutchy explained his predicament and Mickey gave him time off.

Dutchy arrived at the agency compound and found Mushy groveling on the ground, shrieking, even frothing at the mouth. A crowd of excited people surrounded her; a shaman was uttering maledictions, and shaking his spirit bag over his tousled head. Dutchy thrust people aside, then slit the shaman's throat from ear to ear in one stroke. The shaman dropped, writhing, and died.

The awestruck crowd drew back and scattered. Having reacted to his code of killing whatever was bad, Dutchy did

Right: Nod-ez-ti' nata (Mushy on the reservation rolls), wife of Dat' i-ti' zin-tien (Dutchy), circa 1923. This is only known photo of her. Opposite page: Dutchy when a scout for General Crook.

A perfectly natural display of temper earned the Indian girl a reputation of consorting with the Devil and endangering her tribe...



Above: Dutchy, General Crook (and his favorite mount), and Alchesay. Right: Rosanto, Frank Roe, Mickey Free (back row), Dutchy and Spike (seated) were some of the Army Scouts.

not realize at the time the reputation that instantly befell him. He picked up Mushy and carried her to their wikiup, she, in the meanwhile, screaming, "*An-chei-eyis! An-chei-eyis! Wau na des-o nain-di'!*"

An-chei was a gray-haired crone who had protruding, glittering eyes that were turning white around the iris, denoting very old age. She did not disappear as Mushy commanded, but followed, her waspish tongue shrilling that Mushy had bewitched her. Other people hung back, silent, but fascinated by events. Only one old man yelled that Mushy would cast no spell on any others. He advocated that she should be scourged of her fiendishness, or better yet, Dutchy must kill her.

The gray-haired woman grabbed a crock full of water and burst into the wikiup. Before Dutchy was aware of what she was up to she had poured the water onto Mushy's face. The old crone screamed that the *ga'n* hates cold water and she whirled and went out to refill the crock. By the time she returned, Dutchy had quieted down Mushy somewhat. He grabbed the crock from the woman, upended it on her, and jammed it tight down over her head. She spat like a sick cat and screamed maledictions—acting more like a witch woman than even Mushy was accused of being. When she worked the crock off and saw Dutchy with his belt-knife poised she fled, shrieking something about the Witch's Head.

Two old men and women arrived a little later, carrying an empty flour barrel. Inside it was a coyote, frothing at the mouth, a sure sign of hydrophobia. One of the men was a shaman wearing a mantle made of four coyote skins; he demanded that Dutchy and Mushy both look into the barrel and if the coyote sprang up to bite them it was proof that they were *not* afflicted with the stigma of sorcery. If the coyote became quiet it was proof that they were kindred beings possessed of malignant powers.

Enraged at the implication, Dutchy kicked the barrel out of their hands. It bounced on the ground and the coyote tumbled out. For a moment it snarled at the old foursome, then it cringed away from the puddles of spilled water. The next moment Dutchy stabbed it repeatedly in the back and chest; it died a writhing, revolting death—hardly bleeding at all—two definite signs of rabies.

Dutchy threw his knife into the nearby creek to cleanse it. Someone yelled that Dutchy was not posssessed, but that Mushy was and must therefore be cleansed of her witch's spell—she must be burned in the firepit. Dutchy leaped and retrieved his knife, and the loudmouth faded back into the crowd. With the long blade Dutchy impaled the coyote carcass and flung it into the firepit. The crowd soon withdrew.

THE following morning Mushy was so nearly back to normal that Dutchy reported to scout headquarters; he was promptly assigned to out-rider duty by Al Sieber. Most of the 4,500 Indians were bothered over the way they were being treated by agency officials, and more scout-police were needed to patrol and control the unrest. Victorio and his Mimbreno warriors had recently broken out and headed for Mexico; unattached young braves were escaping, forming bands beyond the reservation borders, then making swift forays on nearby white settlers. The Apache scouts would have had little trouble tracking them down, but the cavalry patrols persisted in riding the main trails and thereby missed the cunning raiders.

Mickey Free, Dutchy, Rowdy and several others of the loner type, were the only ones who made any headway against the raiders. Dutchy was located in the Gila Canyon wilderness beyond Eureka Springs and after a few weeks his belief that killing outlaws was more effective than bringing them in to jail got results. By then nine runaway braves had fallen to his ruthless tactics and his area was shunned; he was then transferred to the Turkey Creek uplands where the dreaded Chiricahui under Geronimo and Naiche were camped and secretly (they thought) were making preparations for a large-scale escape from the reservation.

Victorio was wiped out in Mexico, but Dutchy was kept on full-time field duty where his expertise was most needed. Mushy, meantime, suffered a persecution complex brought on by rancorous oldsters within her clan, but she managed to eke out an existence. She made the weekly trip in for the ration issue, though there were always people around to badger her and point the forked fingers. She knew a feeling akin to kindness only when Dutchy managed to come home for a brief stay every other month.

It was during this period that Mushy gave birth to her first and only baby. The infant was deformed, however, and the wizard midwife threw the babe into the river before Mushy had more than a glimpse of it. Again the insidious rumor of witchcraft was raised against her. In 1881 Dutchy, now a scout with seniority, moved Mushy into the area set aside for the scouts between the military base and the agency compound. It was here that Mushy became acquainted with Juana Free, wife of Mickey and a noble Apache woman by all standards. Mushy and Juana, their husbands never home, soon formed a working partnership in the curing of antelope, deer, elk, bear and cougar hides, as well as squirrel and beaver furs. Mushy took over the curing and tanning; Juana made the pelts into clothes for everyday use, and created

(Continued on page 60)

Barnum

Joshua or Daniel Barnum of New York, married Ann Elizabeth Brashire (Dutch) of Pennsylvania. They had ten children, three of whom were Allen, Ross, and Ada (who married a Rice in St. Louis, Missouri). Allen married Alice Abigail Mundell of Shelburn, Indiana. They had Mary (deceased, age five), Minnie (deceased, age twenty-seven) and myself. Alice's parents were David Mundell and Clarcy Jane Coons. They had Bertha who married John Sams; Nancy who married a Butler; and John Mundell—all lived for many years in Terre Haute, Indiana. I would like to hear from any of these descendants and descendants of the Barnum family. I'd like to find the missing children of Joshua Barnum. They would be my first cousins. Would also like to hear from Pennsylvania, New York and Missouri Barnums especially. My father told me Joshua was some relation to P. T. Barnum and I'd like to find out.—Ann Elizabeth Barnum, c/o M. A. Santens, 4434 Ponderosa Way, Camino, California 95709

Beanland-Barber (Barbour)

I would like to hear from anyone who might know anything about the Beanland and Barber (Barbour) families. My Beanland ancestors were originally from Tennessee or Georgia. They settled in the Morgan County, Missouri area in the early 1840s. Two Beanland sisters, Mrs. Harriet Grayson and Mrs. Sallie Ashton, daughters of Leonard Beanland, moved to Lampasas, Texas before the Civil War. Mrs. Grayson lost two sons to the Indians. A daughter of one of these women, a Mrs. Hutton, married and moved to California. She wrote a book on the Beanland family, but my folks have lost track of her. In 1934 her address was Mrs. Billye M. Hutton, 469 High Street, Sebastopol, California. Another sister, Mrs. David Beard, moved to western Oklahoma. Their brother, Benjamin Franklin Beanland, was my grandfather. He married Mary Leona Barber who was part Cherokee Indian—supposedly. She was the daughter of George and Martha (Taylor) Barbour. One of Mary's sisters married a Frank Jones.

I will really appreciate hearing from anyone. All letters will be answered.—Carl D. Martin, Route 3, Box 74A, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601

Helpful Hint

I don't know just where this letter might fit in—whether in your "Trails Grown Dim" column or "Frontier Post"—but as someone who got great results from a letter in "Trails Grown Dim," a long overdue thanks. With the help of another reader of your fine magazines I was able to contact and trace a family line back to 1726, with names, dates and places in full back to 1856. An added bonus was finding the location of the graves of the great-great-great-grandparents. And I've added new friends to my list of people interested in family history and the past.

For your readers' information, the National Archives and Records Service has recently established two new ordering procedures for records. There is a Genealogical Information Kit, containing the descriptions and order forms for genealogical information. Reproductions will be sent and you will be billed afterwards. Also available are kits and forms for requesting military service and census records. Only requests submitted on the proper forms will be processed. So, if you have sent recent census requests, this may be why you haven't heard. Write Central Reference Division, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D. C. 20408 for the kits and forms.—Mrs. D. R. Montgomery, 1603 N. Taylor, Lexington, Nebraska 68850

Kistler-Staggs-Branum-Romerze

I would like any information concerning Earl H. Kistler. His Grandmother Ewing lived in Selmen, Oklahoma. His father was Fravcer or Francis Wayn Kistler. Earl, who also went by the name of Wilson or Harvey Kistler, was born January 23, 1903. His mother's name was Jessie Kitzmiller. She married a Kistler, and later on a McCorkle and a Hantz.

He has sisters: Gertude who married an Adams; Hazel who married a Zonner; Francis Minnie who married a Crosky. His half brothers and sisters are: Rupert McCorkle, Jack McCorkle, and Joan Hauntz. His one sister, Leota McCorkle, was my mother.

Would also like any information concerning Nicholas Staggs around Blackfoot, Idaho and Sterling Staggs, around Turlock, California who died November 29, 1932. These people were in Blackfoot, Idaho; Durango, Colorado; Sterling, Colorado; and Farmington, New Mexico around 1880 and came to Wyoming in 1895.

There was a lawyer R. V. Wilcox, Bank of America Building, and a Branum (or Brannam or Brannum). This Brannam has a different spelling every time I run across it in the school census.

Anna Romerz, twenty-two years old, American, 1912 census, born 1900; Roy Romerz, seven years old, American, 1912 census, born 1905; Laura Romerz, ten years old, American, 1912 census, born 1902; Nichlus Branum, twenty years old, deaf and dumb, 1912 census, born 1892.

Hattie Hetman around Doris, California was related to these.—Mrs. L. E. Doores, 902 North McKinley, Casper, Wyoming 82601

Steele-Burrows

Am looking for a family friend, Howard A. Steele, who moved to California years ago. Also, I want to locate an Elizabeth Ellen Burrows who was adopted. She was born in 1910 in Waterloo, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Lents, 402 East South, Marshalltown, Iowa 30158

Harris

I would like to contact any descendants of Frank H. Harris, an earth moving contractor, who lived at 3515 Douglas Road, El Paso, Texas in 1915. He had a small daughter about eight or ten years old at the time.—Buell Lindley, Box 185, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Lone Scouts Old-Timers

If you are a LONE SCOUT old-timer I want to communicate with you. You will be one of those 500,000 boys who joined the LONE SCOUTS of AMERICA, founded by William D. Boyce, Chief Totem, in 1915 through early 1924 when the LSA was merged with the Boy Scouts of America.

You were one who corresponded and exchanged hobby items with distant fellow scouts; you did degree work; you printed a tribe paper or perhaps belonged to one or more mail tribes; you may or may not have been successful in having art, cartoons, articles or stories published in the *Lone Scout Magazine*.

Since 1927 the LSA Alumni has been seeking former Lone Scouts. Write to me and you will learn more about the finest unorganized bunch of which you can become a part. Denver was chosen for our 1972 reunion, which will be our 35th.—John H. Nyssen, 712 Vernon Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701

Stone

I would like information about my mother's family. I do not know my grandfather's first name, but his last name was Stone. His wife's name was Ida Bell. My mother's name was Dillie Louise and she married James Harvey Jennings. My grandparents lived in eastern Oklahoma, around Bromide. He was Indian. I would appreciate any information.—Mrs. Rose McCord, 503 S. W. 4th, Anadarko, Oklahoma 73005

Sprouse

I would like to hear from anyone bearing the name Sprouse.—Wayne Z. Sprouse, 2233 Brannen Road S. E., Atlanta, Georgia 30316

(Continued on page 65)

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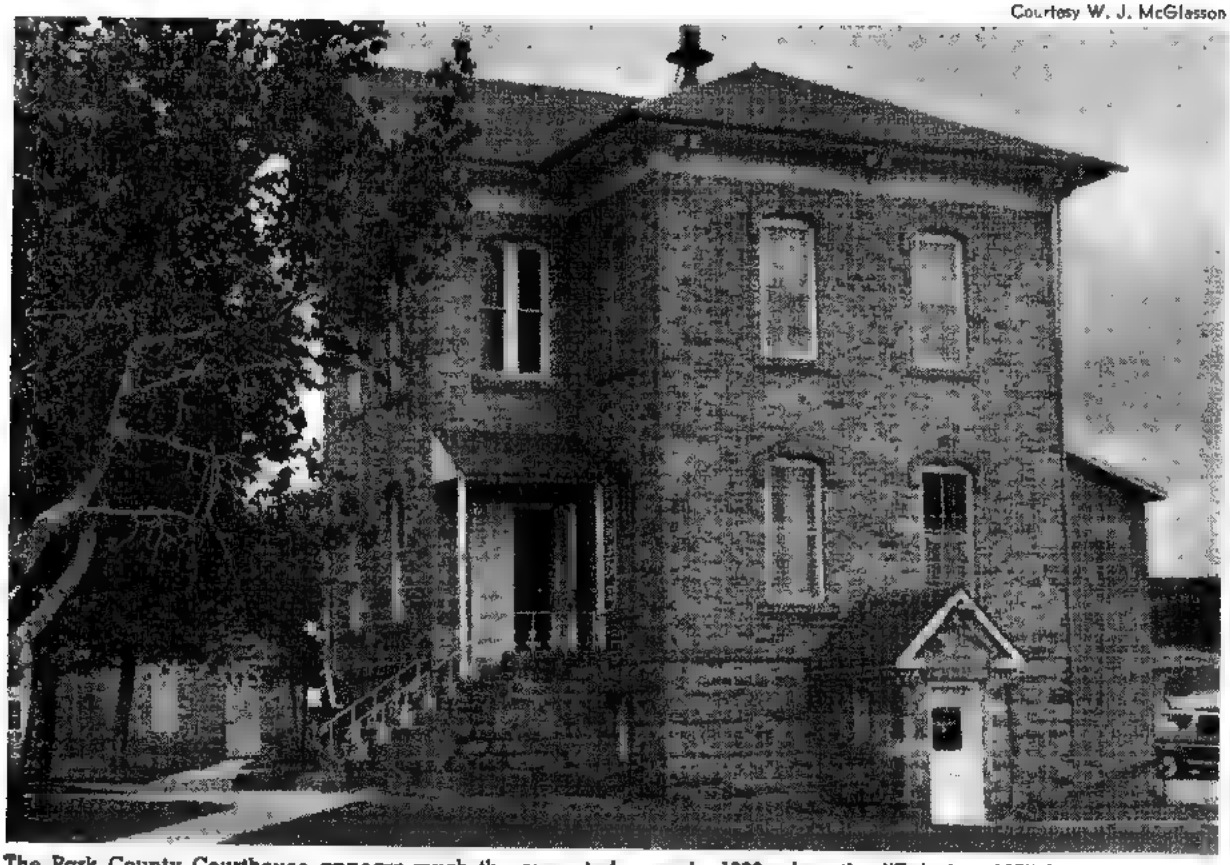
Courtesy W. J. McGlasson



The Park County Courthouse appears much the same today as in 1888 when the "Fairplay 105" hanged John J. Hoover. They shoved him out the window that is closest to the right hand wall above the entrance. He dangled above the stone steps where the roof was later constructed over the front entrance.

FAIR PLAY Meant a Hanging

—to the Fairplay 105!

NOBODY admitted to knowing who the "Fairplay 105" were or how they got their name. Probably no one ever cared. What really mattered was that when this loosely formed vigilante group decided that justice had not been just, the members righted the wrong themselves even if it meant a dead-of-night hanging from the courthouse window.

That's the way it happened to John J. Hoover before dawn on April 28, 1880 at the sandstone courthouse which is still in use in Fairplay, Colorado.

It's doubtful that the winding, old wooden stairs to the second floor will ever again resound to the tumult and fury of that night nearly a century ago when a group of masked men hanged Hoover and scared a circuit riding judge, his wife, and the prosecutor into fleeing without bothering to adjourn court. Ninety-two years later, the court is still just "in recess"!

Back then, Fairplay was a thriving if boisterous center of mining and related commercial activity. In the short twenty years of its existence it had already known a great deal of violence.

Founded in 1859 by a group of miners, outraged by the high prices they were charged for supplies and the low prices they received for gold at Tarryall City, Fairplay became the official "capital" of Park County.

"Graball" was the derisive name they hung on Tarryall City as they set about building their own town where "fair play" would rule. Fairplay it remains today. Tarryall withered, but the name lives on as a creek, a reservoir, and a small settlement.

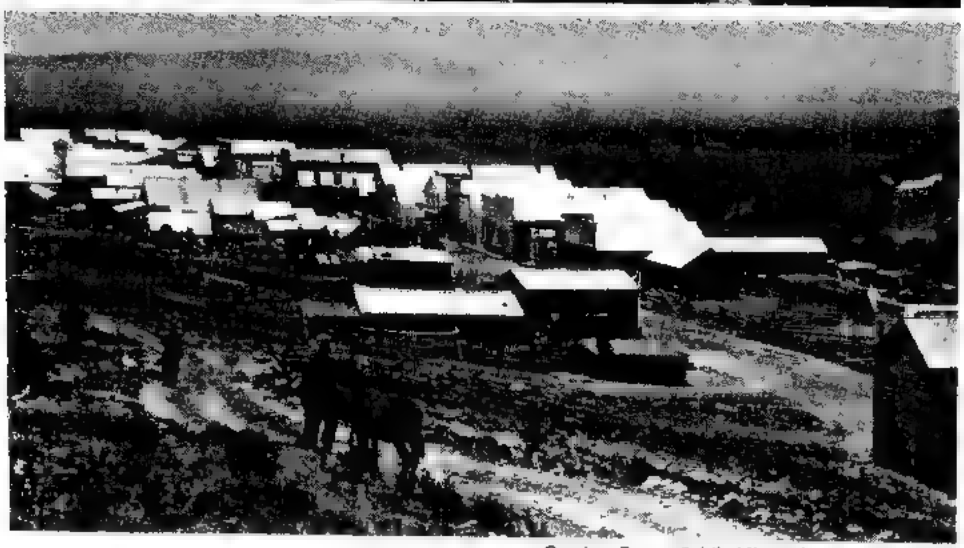
Within a year after Fairplay was founded, trouble took over its main street when a young Texan named Pemly shot and killed a boyhood chum named Sanford. Pemly accused Sanford of violating his sister and leaving her. He had followed Sanford literally around the world, through Australia, New Zealand and California, before catching him in the Colorado gold camp. Pemly shot Sanford through the heart after challenging him to a pistol duel in the street. A sympathetic jury found Pemly innocent of any wrong.

Other killings followed. The Fairplay 105, whose membership was believed to have included most of the town's leading citizens as well as its not-so-prominent miners, was formed secretly to stop the violence and to bring swift justice when the 105 felt justice had not prevailed.

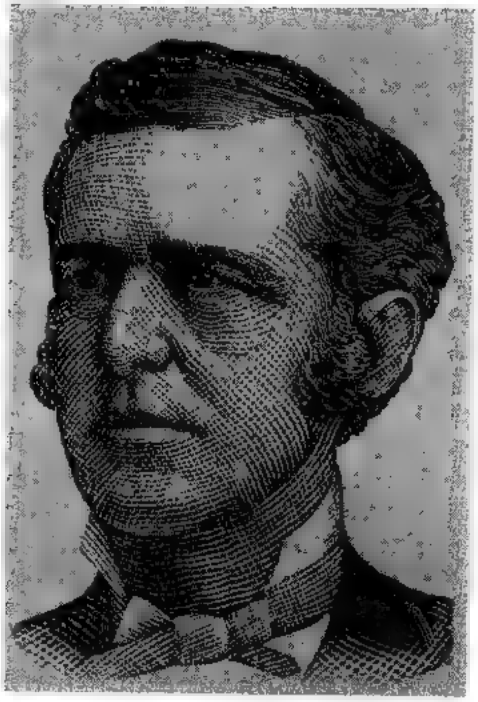
JOHN J. HOOVER settled in Fairplay after digging out a grubstake in gold along Buckskin Gulch, about eight miles to the northwest. He opened the Cabinet Bar and Billiard Parlor.

He was known as a likeable sort when sober, but a mean one when drunk. As his drinking bouts became more and more frequent he became less and less popular in the town. Still, his Cabinet Bar thrived as a place for miners to meet and drink.

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



Left: Two views of Fairplay, Colorado in 1870-80s. Above: Judge Thomas M. Bowen, presiding judge of the Hoover trial.

BY HANK GIVENS

Photos Courtesy Author

Like so many young men of his day, Thomas Bennett had been lured from his home and family in Walami County, Iowa by the tall tales of the fabulous gold strikes being made in the Rocky Mountains. But about the time he reached Fairplay, Bennett's money ran out, and his hopes of quick wealth with it. He was glad to get a job as a desk clerk at Fairplay House, the town's leading hotel with a large dining room and adjoining bar.

Fairplay's source of water was a man-dug ditch that siphoned water from Beaver Creek and carried it through town, free for all to use. Families dipped from it with buckets. When they needed larger amounts, they simply put up a temporary "dam" with a log or two or some stones and headed the water into their own yards. It was an unwritten law that once a water need was filled, these temporary dams would be removed and the water again allowed to flow. Bennett unwittingly broke the rule on the morning of April 1, 1879 and a few hours later was gunned down by the drunken Hoover.

About mid-morning that day, Bennett had put up a temporary dam to draw off the hotel's supply of water. Then he got busy inside and forgot his irrigation project.

Hoover, meanwhile, had had a busy morning at the Cabinet Bar. The more booze he poured for the customers the more he drank himself. By the time he left to go home for lunch, he was drunk and spoiling for trouble. When he reached his home, next to the Fairplay House, he was enraged to find that the ditch water had overflowed the hotel grounds and had flooded his own yard.

Since he always wore a revolver, Hoover was ready for action. In a drunken rage, he barged through the Fairplay House door and quickly spotted Bennett at the register behind the hotel counter. According to later testimony of Charles Williams, who was near the desk at the time, Hoover shouted, "I want you to understand that I own that house and lot over there and I am going to run it and I don't want you to insult my woman."

Bennett, according to Williams, then replied, "I don't want to insult you or impose on no one."

At that, Hoover cursed him and shouted, "I'll shoot you!" and without another word pulled his .38 caliber Colt from its holster and fired. The bullet hit Bennett in the chest. Bennett clutched at the wound, took two or three steps toward the end of the counter, and fell to the floor.

Hearing the shot, several women working in the adjoining dining room came to the door. "Get back in there," Hoover shouted, "and shut the door, the whole lot of you!"

He then looked down upon the mortally wounded Bennett. "Get up, you s-o-b, and I'll let you have it again!"

Another man in the lobby, one H. Dice, told Hoover, "Let the man alone. You've done enough."

Hoover then walked to his house where Sheriff John Iflinger arrested him within the hour. Hoover offered no resistance and readily gave up his revolver as well as a knife he was carrying. For one year Hoover was confined in the basement jail in the courthouse, awaiting a judge for his trial.

ON APRIL 27, 1880 Judge Thomas M. Bowen opened the trial with District Attorney C. W. Burris as prosecutor. The courtroom was packed. Among the spectators were Mrs. Bowen and, no doubt, a goodly number of the 105 were there to see that justice was done.

Attorney J. Q. Charles, named to represent Hoover after Hoover's own attorney had died, produced a long statement signed by the defendant. In it Hoover pleaded innocent by reason of insanity. He also asked that the trial be postponed until three witnesses, Assyria Hall, John A. Nugent, and Hugh Young, could be located and called to testify.

These three, Hoover stated, could affirm that in 1871 Hoover had fallen sixty feet down a mine shaft in California Gulch. The injuries he suffered in the fall left his brain permanently damaged and he was "subject quite frequently to fits of insanity and mental derangement," Hoover alleged.

Burris and Charles went into conference with Judge Bowen. A short time later, Court Clerk Michael J. Bartley read Judge Bowen's order to the assembled spectators. The order said that by consent of Burris and Charles, the two attorneys involved, Judge Bowen

(Continued on page 62)

Sequoyah Houston (right), in photo made shortly before he was killed. His gravestone (below) in the Blue Springs Cemetery near Tahlequah. The original monument has been strengthened by added structures on the sides.

Courtesy Mack Houston

THE DAY SEQUOYAH HOUSTON

"When gunfights happened, they were generally over pretty quick—and generally it was after somebody got killed"

INDIAN MARSHAL Sequoyah Houston wore his black hat with the wide flat brim and a white shirt under a dark dress coat on the last day his son saw him alive—that warm Sunday on June 17, 1894 when he rode out after the men later known as Cherokee Bill and the Cook Gang.

When the posse gathered in front of the Cherokee Nation Capitol in Tahlequah, Indian Territory, Houston sat somber and erect on his white horse, and told his wife goodbye. He would come through the woods along Fourteen Mile Creek and be home late that night, he said.

But he didn't. The next morning, standing outside their log house in a clearing of timber with his mother, seven-year-old Mack Houston watched his uncle approach in a buggy and sensed what news he was bringing: "Sequoyah got killed!"

"Those were his first words," remembers Mack Houston, today eighty-four years old and a resident of Tahlequah, the Cherokee County seat of Oklahoma. "My mother just went to pieces. She thought my father was everything."

Sequoyah Houston, a fullblood Cherokee, was a tall handsome man with direct eyes and high cheekbones who loved the customs and simple life of his people. His lawman manner, good English, and full un-Indian mustache, however, gave him the personality of a white man also. Though a competent officer and a good shot with rifle and pistol through constant practice, during his services of about five years he had never killed anyone. Now Houston was dead at age thirty-two.

His wife, a stern but loving mother of Irish and Dutch ancestry, stood weeping near the porch, young Mack beside her. His smaller brothers—Jack, four, Alex, three, and George, only three months—were inside the house. The words of his mother's brother, Julian Wyrick, rang in Mack's ears like a rifle shot in the crisp morning air.

Houston had been killed in a gunfight at the Halfway House, a travelers' lodging place halfway between Tahlequah and Wagoner. It was located on Fourteen Mile Creek, the latter so named because it crossed the trail fourteen miles from Tahlequah.

When the possemen rode out of town, they knew only that they were after two wanted outlaws—one for a shooting and the other on a larceny charge—who reportedly were at Halfway House in connection with a government payment of $6,640,000 being made to the Cherokees. There, about three hours later, occurred the gunfight in which one of the renegades—the one who shot down Houston—gained his notorious alias of Cherokee Bill, probably the most bloody murderer of the Indian country. And it was soon afterward that he and his partners, who included brothers Bill and Jim Cook, became known throughout much of the Indian Nations as the Cook Gang.

THE POSSE consisted of ten men most of them fullblood or part Cherokee — Houston, Ellis Rattlin Gourd, Bill Bracket, Bill McKee, Isaac Grease, George Parris, Bob Woodall, Ne

ck Houston, eighty-four, today a resident of hlequah, remembers the day in 1894 when father was shot to death.

BY JIM ETTER

Photos Courtesy Author

son Hicks and brothers E. C. "Zeke" and Dick Crittenden, the latter two well-known gunfighters.

As his son remembers from the immediate accounts, and those repeated to him in later discussions throughout the years, Houston and the others left their horses in the trees after wading the clear shallow creek about four in the afternoon. Winchesters and six-guns drawn, they could see the Halfway House.

It was the first shot—the unexpected crack of a Winchester—his son says, that killed Houston. Crawford Goldsby was outside the building, either somehow forewarned or otherwise on the alert for lawmen. Goldsby sent a bullet into the first full target topping the ridge.

Soon a blazing fight was in progress. Winchester and pistol blasts echoed through the blackjack and cottonwood timber. Lead slugs whined off rocks; others thudded into trees and the Halfway House. The posse had encountered more than two common criminals; fighting them were at least three outlaws—Goldsby and the Cook brothers—believed accompanied by Jess Cochran and Jim French.

As some of the posse carried Houston, either dead or rapidly dying, down the rough hill, the others stayed on the ridge firing steadily at the outlaws. One of the latter, Jim Cook, was wounded several times—at least eight, said a newspaper report four days later. One injury was sustained while aiming from a corner of the building; Dick Crittenden shot the gun from his hand. But the attack on the gang was futile. Either the outlaws were too well fortified or they managed to get to their horses and escape through the woods. Published reports vary. It is said the last of the posse to quit firing were the Crittendens, who at dusk returned to their horses and left.

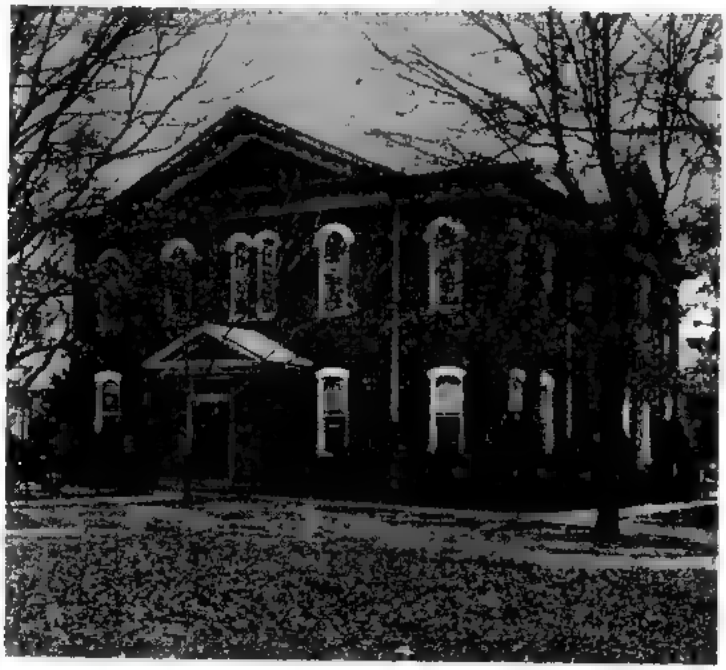
Houston, meanwhile, had been carried a distance of about a mile to a store operated by Zack Taylor, where his body was laid on the counter to await a hack from Tahlequah.

EXCEPT for the wounded Cook, stalked and captured like an injured animal two days later, the outlaws fled—probably back into the Creek and Seminole Nations. Goldsby and the Cooks had been in hiding there when they heard of the government money to be distributed in payment for a portion of land known as the Cherokee Strip. The disbursement of funds at Tahlequah had apparently ended on June 16. (Some accounts incorrectly give the date as July.) Goldsby and the Cooks, who were part Cherokee, had slipped into the Cherokee Nation and, according to reports, had induced the operator of the Halfway House, Effie Crittenden, estranged wife of Dick Crittenden, to go to Tahlequah and draw their money for them—$265.70 each.

Other accounts say the outlaws were not there to draw their money but to rob a stagecoach hauling it from either

(Continued on page 42)

TO CHEROKEE BILL



Mack Houston (left) stands beside double headstone of brothers E. C. "Zeke" and Dick Crittenden. Their grave is a short distance from the site of the Halfway House gunfight. Cherokee County Courthouse (above) at Tahlequah. The same building was the Capitol of the Cherokee Nation in 1894.

KIT

BY NANCY FAMBRO

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

HARD TIMES can begin and end in a flash, or they can go on for generations—father to son, mother to daughter. Some people fight back—others don't—my mother was one who did.

Mama was born near La Grange, Texas, September 23, 1864, the youngest of eight children born to Nancy (Drury) and William Maxwell Shuford. Grandpa freighted for the Confederacy during the Civil War. After his part in it was over, he turned to blacksmithing. Yellow fever killed him in 1866, leaving Grandma with four children, the eldest twelve years old. Four of their children had died in babyhood; those who lived were Lon age ten, Ed age six, Sue age three, and Kit (Mama) only two.

All Grandma knew was house work and homemaking. She went to work as a housekeeper for a man who owned several farms and small ranches, and although he was twenty-three years her senior she married him in 1868. The children called him Uncle John.

When it began to look bad for the South, Uncle John sold all his slaves except twenty-two, and bought land. These slaves were freed, of course, but some stayed with him and lived on his farms as sharecroppers. Among them was Aunt Dinah who did the cooking and washing for the family. The children

Kit Shuford in 1879, the year she was 15 and also the year of her marriage.

loved her and would line up on the bench by the kitchen table to watch her cook. Uncle John's house was built of logs and had a fireplace, and the kitchen was separate from the house. The kitchen also had a fireplace and a large homemade table where the family ate their meals.

Grandma was an immaculate housekeeper and was proud of her feather beds. Geese were plucked of their downy feathers every year for stuffing mattresses and pillows.

When Lon was old enough to manage a farm, he took Ed, Sue and Kit and moved onto a small farm nearer the schoolhouse. Uncle John helped him with tools and horses, and no doubt in many other ways. Grandma visited her children often, teaching the girls to cook, sew, and keep house. Kit was ten years old by then but, being the youngest, was dominated by Lon and Sue. Ed, a mild-mannered boy, very shy, also was dominated by Lon.

There were no luxuries in the 1870s, especially for four "orphans" trying to make do for themselves. The corn they raised was gathered and shelled by hand and carried to the mill, owned by their stepfather. It was called the Old Mormon Mill and was located near Marble Falls in Burnet County. Mostly the corn was carried on horseback, and some extra had to be taken to pay for the grinding. A sack of meal was carried home. Many times this chore fell to Kit if the older ones were busy on the farm.

Beans and peas were picked by hand and threshed with a broomstick. Chickens and eggs were plentiful most of the time, and hogs were raised for meat and lard.

WHEN Kit was fourteen she was going to school in a one-room schoolhouse several miles from Llano. One Saturday night Lon took his sisters and Ed to a country dance in the neighborhood. During the festivities, Kit was introduced to a handsome man who had black curly hair and a mustache. He and his brothers were making the music that night. This man, who later became my father, was the fiddler. Kit fell in love with him.

Papa lived in the community with his mother and four younger brothers. Papa was twenty-four that fall. Kit knew that Lon and her mother would disapprove of her getting married so young, so she prepared to elope.

They were married October 12, 1879, less than a month after Kit's fifteenth birthday. When she got ready for school that morning (October 12), she put her best dress on. It was a brown delaine, a material something like serge only not as heavy. The skirt was long and the collar high. Kit wore her long black riding skirt and a jacket so no one would notice that she was dressed up. She led her pony to a stump she used for a mounting block, and got settled in her side saddle. When she arrived at the schoolhouse Papa was there waiting with two horses. The side saddle was transferred to one of Papa's horses, and they rode away and were married in Llano before noon. Then they returned to the farm where Papa and his family lived.

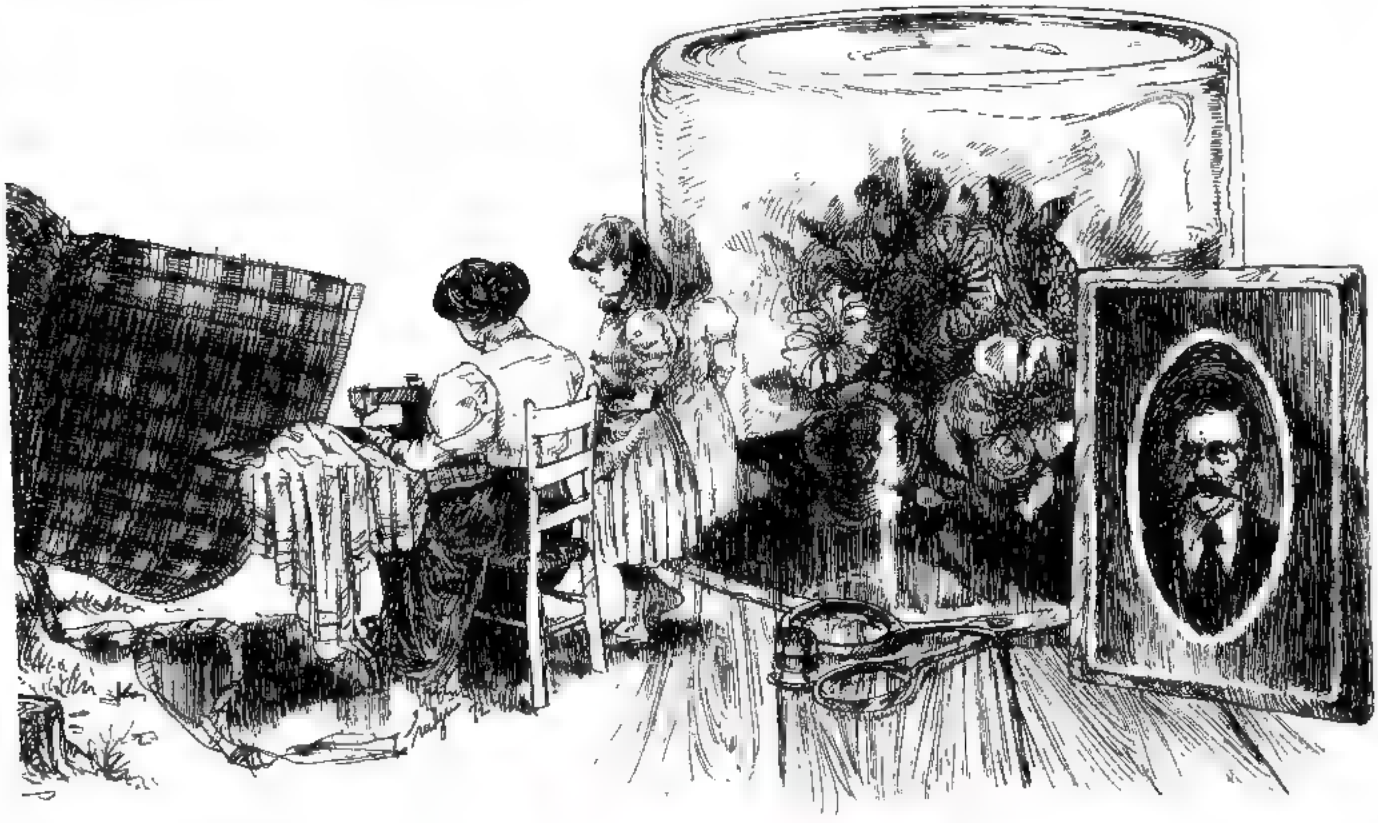
This was not pleasant for Mama. Papa's people were very poor, and his mother worked in the fields a lot, as she had been a widow for fifteen years with seven little boys to raise. Her husband had been killed in the Civil War. Before the first year was over, I think, Mama had decided that she jumped from the frying pan into the fire. She told me once that she cried nearly every day.

The men worked in the fields from dawn to dusk and played their fiddles at night. Grandma was in her fifties and wasn't much company for a fifteen-year-old girl, and there was so much work to do. Washing on a rub board for so many wasn't much fun. Neither was ironing with a sadiron heated in the fireplace. To save wood cutting, Mama tried to do the ironing while Grandma was cooking.

But Papa's youngest brother was one year younger than Mama and they were great pals. On rainy days they played dominoes or checkers even if Papa didn't approve. Although Mama and Papa had been married only a short while, he was very critical and jealous of her.

Mama tried to keep the house with its meager furnishings neat and clean, but Grandma was set in her ways. She would much rather sit in her rocking chair in

Too late for flowers—
But never too late for tears—



front of the fireplace, smoking her cob pipe, than bother with the housework. The cupboard was made of apple boxes nailed to the wall; leftover bread was put there and kept until used. When crumbs from the bread got about an inch thick they were scraped out and fed to the chickens. Mama made curtains from flour sacks and put them over the cupboards. She scrubbed the plank floors and tables with homemade soap and persuaded Papa to buy oilcloth for the tables. The house had no screens.

A year after their marriage Papa's brother, who was about twenty-two, married and brought his wife home to live. Papa decided to move out. Places were not hard to find, so many parents moved onto a share-crop farm. Mama's mother gave her a feather bed and pillows, and quilts for one bed. Mama said she had only two towels when she set up housekeeping but she was so very happy to have a house of her own.

Papa's part of the crop that year, 1880, brought enough to buy a few pots and pans, a washboard, tubs and tools. A dining table, cook table, and benches were made of twelve-inch boards.

Mama still had her side saddle and when she visited her mother and sister, she rode an old gentle pony. Life was very lonely for her. Farms were few and far apart, and there was still some fear of Indians. One neighbor woman farther west was reported to always leave her baby in its cradle (which she pushed under the house while she worked in the fields). Several times the Indians came and ransacked the house, stealing food, bright colored garments and anything else that struck their fancy. Mama would never leave her children. She carried them to the field with her and left them on a quilt in the shade of a tree. Many times they were attacked by ants and flies. Mama rubbed lard on their faces to keep the gnats off, which swarmed everywhere.

Mama's first of twelve children was born in the fall of 1881. The baby was a boy and she was so glad to have him. Regularly, about every two years, another child would appear. Mama said if God would give her children she would do the best she could to raise them, although most times the layettes consisted of only six diapers and a few little gowns. She raised ten of us to adulthood. One little boy lived only a week, and was buried in Burnet County. Another died at age three of typhoid fever. By this time my parents had moved from Burnet County by way of covered wagons and mules to Callahan County, over 150 miles farther west.

PAPA and his brothers and some friends made it a practice to go out and kill wild hogs in the fall of the year in Eastland and Coleman Counties. They hunted the wild hogs along Jim Ned River. When they cleaned the hogs they packed the meat in their wagon beds—a layer of pork and a layer of salt. The weather was cold enough to keep the meat, and when they got their wagons full they would head for home. There, the women would trim off the fat and fry it out for lard. The cracklin's were used for soap making.

Cook stoves were becoming a common thing by then, and Mama said lard was so plentiful that one of her friends would pour grease on the fire if she needed to cook something in a hurry.

The share-crop farm Papa rented was near Cross Plains. I was born there in 1897. Mama worshipped all her children. She sat up with us when we were sick and doctored us with every home remedy she had ever heard of. But when little Carl, who was three, became ill, her remedies all failed and she sent one of the older boys into Cross Plains by horseback for Dr. Robinson, the only doctor there.

I guess he did all he could, but Carl died. My poor mother never did get over his death. After the funeral in the Cross Plains graveyard she bundled up his little clothes and a stick of candy he had held in his hand, while too sick to eat it, and kept these things as long as she lived. After twenty-five years the candy crumbled and, with tears streaming down her face, she threw it out. Years later she gave me his best little dress. She had made it of blue cotton checks (a poor grade of gingham) and cross-stitched it with turkey-red thread.

This red thread came in small balls, and it was fade proof. Other embroidery thread we got in those days faded when put in water. Little boys wore dresses until they were four or five years old, and owning their first pants was a great day in their lives.

I had a little sister, also named Kit, who was only a few months old when Carl died. One day a few weeks before his death he said to Mama, "Ma, I'd rather die than have you die." She asked why, and he replied, "If you died who would take care of Kit?"

It may seem strange to some people that a child so young would understand what death is but I can understand it because we always had pets and inevitably one would die. When we were old enough to talk we asked questions and Mama took time to explain to us the difference between life and death. We always took it hard, and cried over every little dead chicken or kitten or pup, whichever it might be.

A YEAR OR SO after Carl's death Mama learned that I was on the way. She prayed that I would have dark eyes and hair like Carl. My two older sisters had blue eyes. When I was born I had dark eyes and black hair, so to some extent I guess I took the place of Carl.

Mama seldom scolded any of us. Her life was full of hardships, poverty and sickness, but she was always cheerful and helpful. If a neighbor fell ill Mama never failed to visit. She took food and anything she had that would help, and if necessary she sat up to give medicine through the night.

During the long hours a coal oil lamp burned, and at least two people sat by the bedside, bathing down the fever and giving the medicine—which no doubt was calomel, widely used by most doctors then. This was followed by a big dose of castor oil, and the patient either died or recovered. If the latter, it took a couple of weeks to regain any strength. Patients would be fed chicken soup, and once in a while lemons could be had for lemonade. There was no aspirin or pain killers, no ice. Bedside care was imperative—twenty-four hours a day. The neighbors pitched in and did the nursing, the washing and ironing, and brought food already cooked.

Papa didn't like for Mama to leave home even for a night. I didn't either, for our house seemed so empty without her. Many times when she was sick she would get out of bed to wait on the rest of the family who were ailing.

I REMEMBER Mama best sitting at her sewing machine, making clothes

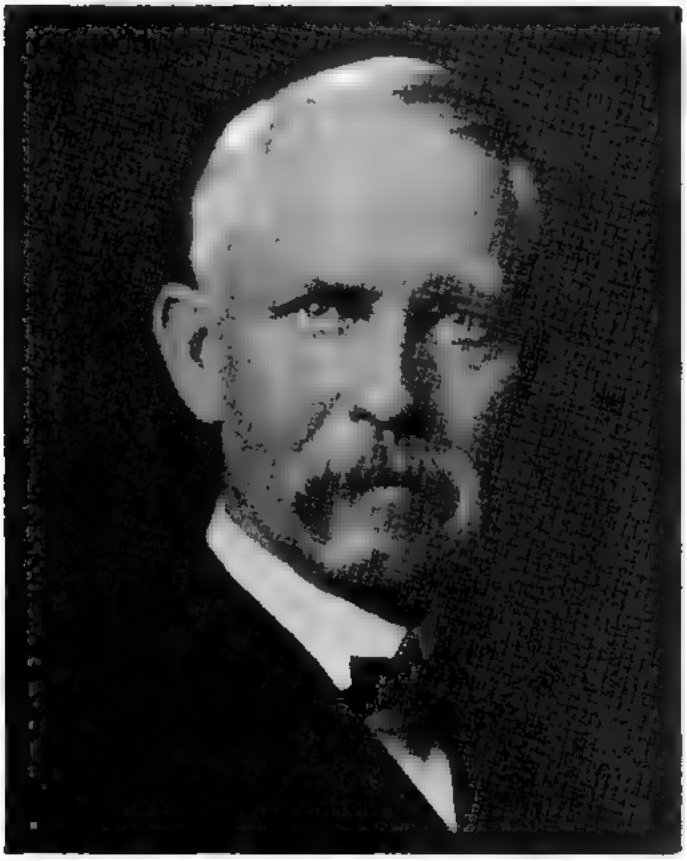
(Continued on page 57)

A 1969 photo shows the 75-year-old dress that Kit made for Carl in 1894. Kit's great-grandson wears it proudly in another 1969 photo.

NSEL

Living On Borrowed Time

Both Photos Courtesy North Dakota State Historical Society



Horatio Larned in later years. His life was spared by Porcupine (right), Indian chief of the Sioux who attacked the immigrants.

BY LAURA TROWBRIDGE

Photos Courtesy Author

A white saved the life of a Sioux and thereby saved his own!

IN TWO years' time a young clerk at Fort Rice had so won the confidence of Major C. E. Galpin, factor for the Northwest Fur Company's trading store, that he was chosen to accompany the trader and his fifteen-year-old-son Sam to Sioux City, Iowa, 900 miles down the Missouri River, to bring back a herd of fat cattle waiting there. Eight companies of the Thirteenth Infantry stationed at the fort, and the Sioux Indians on the Standing Rock Reservation, had to be fed.

During the brief time Horatio Larned had worked as a clerk at the trading store (1864-1866) he had advanced from $60 a month to $100, due to his aptitude with figures and his tact with the Indians, whose confidence and friendship he soon won. That the Major had complete trust in him was evidenced by this incident: When the two men and the boy reached Fort Sully by boat, they were met by an official of the fur company who told Major Galpin that he would have to return to Fort Rice on the next company boat, the *Miner*. That left the responsibility of buying, trailing, and managing the cattle drive up to Larned, who was only twenty years of age.

Larned never hesitated a minute to accept the challenge, and he and the boy, Sam, continued on their way to Sioux City. The rest of the journey by a small oar-driven boat was uneventful, and they arrived in good time. There Larned used a letter of introduction to a Catholic priest who lived some ten miles across the river in Nebraska. The priest accompanied young Larned to the homes of the settlers where he obtained 100 head of cattle to be used for beef, and some cows. They were paid for with unlimited credit at a Sioux City bank.

On the drive homeward Larned and Sam were cautious as the country was full of Sioux, and they were strangers. But they kept the cattle moving steadily. They had hired a man to drive a wagonful of supplies for the trip. After leaving Fort Sully, Larned was nervous. The most crucial part of the country was ahead. There were still over two hundred miles to go, and the Indians were more concentrated. Larned was warned at Fort Sully that a large band of Sioux had been at the fort to trade and had moved on north only the day before. He was warned also that if he happened to encounter them he would not live to tell the tale. Larned said he intended to overtake the band in their camp and negotiate with them to insure safe passage the rest of the way.

At the camp he found an Indian chief named Porcupine, who invited the two young men to spend the night in his lodge. Larned gave Porcupine some gifts, and the chief became very friendly over a peace pipe that evening. Larned promised him that he could have a selection

(Continued on page 46)

READIN', 'RITIN', AND RETRIBUTION

BY B. D. SORRELLS

Photos Courtesy Author

TWO BROTHERS rode across the flat desert of New Mexico toward a squat adobe building which served the first eight grades of grammar school. It was September 1908, and the second week of school was nearly over. The tallest, Golden Mode, was called "GM" by family and friends. Even though just sixteen, he was 6'3", 195 pounds of young manhood. His brother William Lafayette, called Young Will, was older but not quite as large.

Both had shocks of flaming red hair but where Young Will's eyes were bright blue, GM's were a startling bright green. GM was good-natured, as his size would indicate, and only grinned when he was called "Cat Eye," "Moss Eye," etc, so long as he knew he was being kidded. Being pushed by anyone seldom got any farther than the fading of the good-humored expression and an odd darkening of those green eyes. Any Westerner could see when a "norther" was about to start and had sense enough to take shelter.

Young Will's temper was more like a busted safety valve on a runaway steam boiler, and he was seldom crowded by anyone. Neither had taken much of a liking to the new schoolmaster, Mr. Snowden, who seemed to take delight in holding the younger children up to ridicule if any mistakes were made. The larger schoolboys knew they would be out of his reach soon, since fall roundup would take most of them from school, but all were concerned for their smaller brothers, sisters and cousins who would be left to the teacher's tender care. Up to now, they had kept some balance of force by one, two or more rising to their feet when Snowden appeared to be getting a little too rough. There was no outright rebellion, merely a distracting question, request or misdirection to another subject or book. The maneuver neither fooled nor pleased the teacher but the boys remained quietly respectful, and he could only use his biting sarcasm and menacing attitude as long as his authority was not directly challenged. Even in the short time the school had been open, it was evident that there would be a continous cat and mouse game carried on while both sides balanced on an extremely fine line.

The line was faintly sketched on the very first day when Snowden expressed his disgust with the school, the students, and the country in general. He made very clear his doubt as to their ability to learn and his opinion of the intellect of grammar school students who had to shave. The teacher was shorter than sixty per cent of the class, including the girls, and seemed to rely on sarcasm to demoralize the class down to his size.

The line was made clearer on the second morning when Will hid a harmless chuckwalla in Snowden's desk drawer. Every student was at his or her desk, hands folded and looking directly at him, though none knew of the joke Will had played.

The teacher preened himself slightly, brushing at his hair and adjusting his long black frock coat. "We'll have some arithmetic demonstrations at the blackboard," said Mr. Snowden.

He stepped to the desk, jerked open the middle drawer, reached in for some chalk—then froze.

What must have appeared to him as a slimy, primeval monster was slowly creeping up his arm. A flat, diamond-shaped head which was almost to his elbow, while the black feet and tail were still in the drawer, gave the impression that the terrifying creature would reach the teacher's head and swallow him whole. None of the children moved or showed any excitement.

The teacher was defintely "dude," but all of the youngsters had at least seen a chuckwalla and some even had made pets of them. The rusty back and gray green sides of its shiny skin made great pattern inserts for saddle bags and girls' purses.

When Snowden backed away from the desk, obviously scared to death, one of the younger boys reached out and captured the head and front feet with one hand and the tail and back feet with the other. Picking up the chuckwalla he innocently asked, "Do you have a cage for him or do you want him back in the drawer?"

Snowden's voice was a hoarse whistle. "Get that horrible thing out of here!"

BY THE TIME the boy had returned to his desk, everyone, including the teacher, realized that a little rough "range humor" had been perpetrated. The pupils kept their knowledge down to very slight smiles. Young Will's face was the picture of angelic innocence. The teacher was torn by his need for revenge and the knowledge that he did not know just whom to punish. Pulling down on his coat lapels he said, "I do not appreciate practical jokes. They are both stupid and dangerous. I trust this shall be the last one!" The line was now drawn, sharp and clear.

It was the second Friday morning when GM and Will hitched their horses to one of the rails and joined some of their cousins near the door to wait for the ringing of the large bell. The yard was full of youngsters of all ages and the surrounding grounds were covered by tethered horses and buggies of all sizes and types.

The bell rang and the clamor of voices fell away as all the youngsters filed into the school. GM and Will sat in the back row with their fifth cousins, Jim, Sam and Joe White. In front of them were Florence, Iva Dell and Roxie White, along

Lots of ideas have gone out of style—including the premise that you have to beat a kid to keep his skin loose so he can grow!

with GM's and Will's sister, Beulah. There were other distant cousins—the Samples, Subletts, MacAdams and Larkins. The clan almost filled the school.

It was obvious that Mr. Snowden was not a happy man. He stood in front of the class a picture of concentrated frustration. He began by assigning the few front rows of younger children a silent reading lesson. He moved among them, checking the books and pages and ignoring the older students in the back of the room. A half-hour, then forty-five minutes passed, and the back rows began to move and shuffle their feet in restrained uneasiness. Mr. Snowden turned slowly and stared at the back of the room. "I shall be with you in a moment," Snowden announced, "just be patient."

Turning his back, he went to the front of the room and sat down at his desk where he busied himself with some papers and books. More time passed and the uneasy tenseness became a heavy feeling, depressing and solid.

Will whispered out of the side of his mouth to GM, "Watch out for him. He's up to something."

GM whispered back, "Yeah, he sure has his tail over the line."

GM had no sooner finished when Mr. Snowden's voice snapped out, "Master Golden, come to the front of the room!"

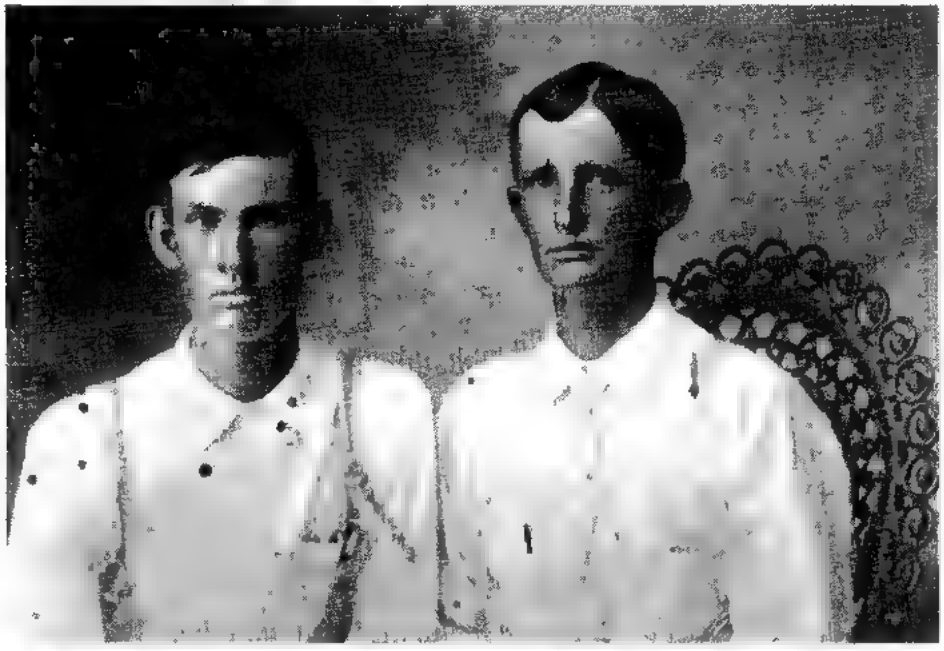
GM walked to the teacher's desk and stood facing him.

"Turn around and face the class." Snowden continued as GM turned, "We've only been at work for two weeks and already I have stood for more insolence and stupidity here than in my entire career. This is where it ends! Right here, right now. Master Golden, go to the blackboard and place your palms as high as possible on the wall."

GM's face was hard and set, his eyes darkening, but he walked stiffly to the blackboard and stretched his arms up, placing his palms against the wall. His fingertips almost touched the ceiling.

Snowden stepped to the corner of the room and the smell of brine drifted through the air as he removed the lid of a small pickle barrel. Reaching in, he pulled out a four-foot-long piece of rope that had knots every eight inches for its full length. He slowly wound the rope around his right hand—one, two, three turns as he walked toward the tall redhead still standing with his hands pressed high.

The teacher knew this must be an object lesson, not only to gain control of the school, but to salvage his personal pride. Through the punishment of the largest boy in the class, he would surely subdue any further ideas of horseplay.



Top: James Larkin White (right) and unidentified cousin, taken several years after he held the .40-40 Winchester on the teacher. Bottom: All 6' 5" of Golden Mode (GM) Sorrells with his 5' 2" wife, Iva Dell, who witnessed his beating when they were schoolmates.

"Master Golden, we will give you five stripes for your insolence, five more for your attitude, and another five so this type of incident will not occur again. For your own benefit and so you will remember, you will count the blows as they are delivered. Should you lose count, we will begin again."

The teacher's arm rose, then cracked forward. There was a sharp intake of breath as the big redhead's hands clenched into fists. The teacher paused, then said, "I didn't hear the count, so we'll start over."

Again the arm rose and fell, and immediately after the soggy smack of the knotted whip, GM's voice came loud and clear, "One."

"That's much better," said Snowden. His arm continued to rise and fall. GM's blue and white-checked flannel shirt began to shred and change to a bright red.

At "Seven" one of the girls leaned out into the aisle and threw up. Young Will and Jim White caught her under the arms and took her outside to the pump where they washed her face with cold water.

Will then turned and went to his saddle where he extracted a .44-40 Winchester from its boot and levered a shell into the chamber as he walked back to the classroom. He did not notice Jim coming up from behind him. Going in the door Will walked down the side of the room until he was even with the third row of desks. The count was continuing, "Twelve. Thirteen." As "Fourteen" rang out, Will raised the rifle, pulled the trigger, and with the crack of the shot a large hole appeared in the blackboard between GM and the teacher. "I count fifteen, it's over!" Will said.

He levered another cartridge into the chamber and the rattle of the empty shell on the floor sounded like thunder in the stillness of the room.

Snowden was startled and frightened, but determined. "I said fifteen and they would be counted. It's not—"

A quiet, firm voice interrupted from behind him. "Take your brother home, Will. It ain't over, but this part is finished."

Snowden whirled around and stared down the barrels of a shotgun held by Jim. The teacher remained absolutely still as Will laid the rifle in front of his sister Beulah; then Will and Sam White went to GM and started to take hold of his arms to help him.

GM shook them off, saying, "I walked in and, by God, I'll walk out!" He strode to the door and on out to where his horse was tied. Beulah stood, picked up the rifle, and for a moment it seemed that her red hair was going to assert itself. She stood with the rifle pointed carelessly in the teacher's direction. Jim's quiet voice filled the room, "School's over; all of you go home."

BEULAH left first, lowering the hammer of the rifle to safe position, and the rest followed quickly, leaving only the teacher, Jim, and the shotgun. As Jim left he said somewhat carelessly, "Mister, Old Will is going to be a little upset. You'd better be ready when he comes or else don't be here at all."

Snowden wanted to speak, but he knew if Jim pulled both those triggers, it would take several matchboxes to bury him. He stood stock still.

Jim went straight to his horse, mounted and started at a dead run for the White home. Larkin Adamson White was Jim, Joe and Sam's father and a very close friend of Old Will. He listened as Jim related the incidents of the day, then strapped on his six-gun and, mounting his horse, started for the school. Lark's advice to the schoolmaster was never reported verbatim, but it must have been close to the same thing his son Jim had suggested. White was not concerned for the safety of the teacher, but for the results of any action taken by Old Will.

GM was at home by the time White arrived there. The young man was lying face down on the large front porch. Hot water was being applied gently to his back to loosen the strips of bloody shirt sticking to the flesh. He lay with his head cradled in his arms, staring out across the fields, never moving or saying a word. His usually bright green eyes were almost a smoky grey.

The large lumps made by the knots of the rope were still oozing blood when the doctor chugged up to the house in his "horseless carriage." The doc knelt beside GM and just stared in disbelief. Bringing out some pills he gave them to Beulah and said, "Get some water and have him swallow two of these."

While he waited, the doctor looked up at the grim face of Old Will with an expectant air. But the elder Will merely asked, "Is he gonna be all right?"

Above: "Old" Will Sorrells many years after he took his shotgun and went in search of the teacher. Below: "Young" Will, the culprit who caused his brother's beating. Left: Golden Mode (GM) and Iva Dell Sorrells in a formal portrait, August 1923.

The doctor looked at the young man again. GM's eyes were beginning to flutter closed though he fought to keep them open. "Let go, son. Those pills are just to help you get a good rest—so relax, you're going to be just fine."

A few minutes passed and the boy's body began to go limp. Soon he was completely out, snoring softly. The doctor quickly took antiseptic liquid, swabs and a small pointed pair of forceps. When he was satisfied the wounds were entirely clean, he rubbed on some salve and bandaged the entire back. "When he wakes up," Doc said, "give him two more tablets. Keep this up until I get back tomorrow."

Motioning for Old Will to follow, he turned and went back to the porch. "That boy has had the worst beating I've ever seen. He's going to have to be kept quiet and still. If his temperature starts to get high, I want to be called immediately. I don't mean as soon as is convenient, I mean right away. He's a very sick young man."

Old Will reached into his pocket and handed the doctor two twenty-dollar gold pieces and said, "You're the boss. Let me know when you've run through that money and I'll see that you get more." He then turned and walked toward to the barn.

"Where's he going?" the doctor asked White.

"To saddle a horse would be my guess. It's what I'd do."

THE DOCTOR was just leaving as Ruth Sorrells followed her husband into the barn. She watched silently as the horse was saddled, led out and tied at the front of the house. When Old Will emerged from the house carrying a shotgun and a canvas belt of brass cartridges, she broke her silence and asked, "Don't you think you ought to let the sheriff handle this? It's his job."

Will looked at his wife for a moment and replied, "The sheriff don't come running out to me when he has a drunk to throw into the hoosegow, and I don't see no reason to bother him with my problems." He patted his wife's cheek gently, then rode off toward the school. He did not look back.

Lark White quickly forked his horse and galloped alongside his friend. When the two men reached the school, Will dismounted and walked to the back where the teacher's living quarters were. The shotgun was hanging in the crook of his right arm as he reached the door. Without hesitation he raised his right foot and kicked open the door. The room had a profusion of scattered clothing and various articles, indicating a wild flurry of activity, but the teacher was not there. Lark White, still in the saddle, breathed a sigh of relief and let his right hand drop from his pistol. He hadn't known just what he would have to do to avoid a tragedy, but he had been prepared to act in whatever direction was required.

Will examined the room carefully, then came out and headed for the small barn. Inside, where the schoolmaster's horse had been kept, he knelt and examined the hoofmarks until he knew them all, individually and as a group.

Coming out of the barn, he looked up at his friend and said, "Lark, he left in one helluva hurry. He'll probably run that poor horse to death, so I reckon I'll trail along and see if I can save a good horse at least."

Will swung aboard his mount, and started off, watching the familiar prints on the ground. Lark knew better than to argue, so he loped off toward Will's home to let the family know that Will was trailing the teacher and which way he had headed.

Days passed but Old Will did not return. GM's back healed slowly at first, then his youthful strength came to his aid and he was up and moving around by the beginning of the second week. More days passed and Old Will still had not returned. The fourth week since GM had been brought home semi-conscious was just starting when Old Will rode in, unsaddled his horse and turned it out to pasture.

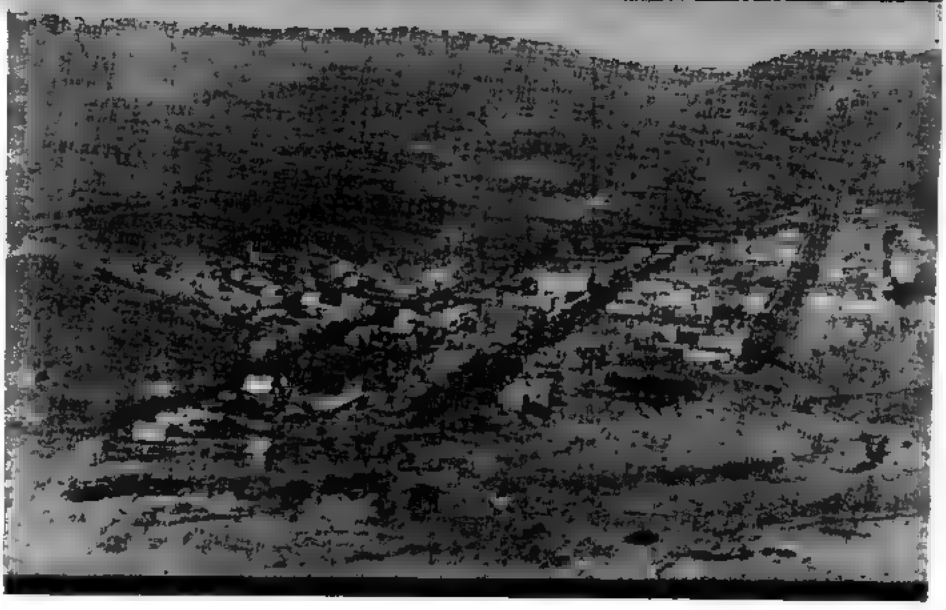
He walked into the house, sat down at the kitchen table, and carefully loaded four of the brass shotgun shells. He placed two of them in the empty loops of the belt of shells; two more went into the shotgun and the gun was placed over the mantle. GM walked into the living room where his father was finishing his chores.

Old Will gave his son a long measuring look and asked, "How are you doing?"

"Just fine."

An unasked question hung heavily in the air but Old Will just ignored it and went into the kitchen, kissed his wife on the cheek and asked for a cup of coffee. For months the people who came into contact with Old Will were burning to ask what had happened but no one ever

(Continued on page 64)



Left (top to bottom): Skinners Saloon, headquarters of the vigilantes, one of Virginia City's earliest saloons. An old cabin in a 1960 photo, probably over 100 years old now. Oldest brewery in Montana (1864) was still standing in 1960. Right (top to bottom): Virginia City, Montana, 1890s. A street scene in the 1860s. And a bird's-eye view of Virginia City in Alder Gulch. Opposite page: This Diamond R. freight train in Prickly Pear Canyon is typical of the supply trains into Virginia City.

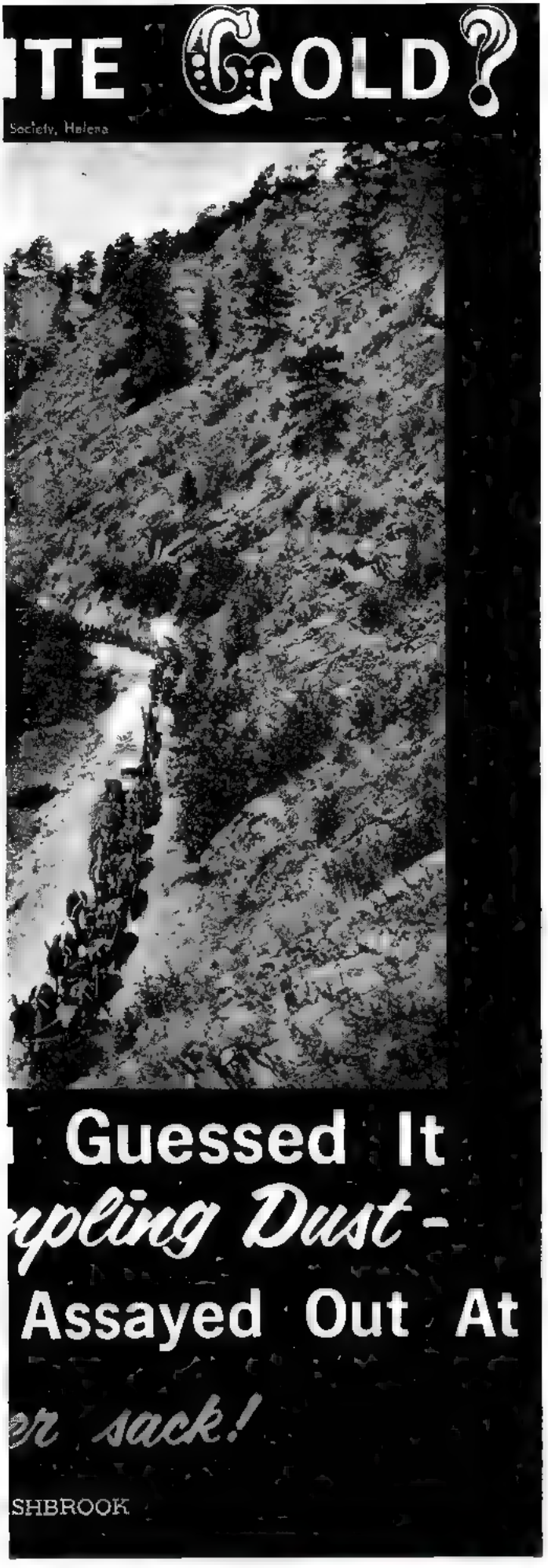
THE TROUBLE with Alder Gulch was that it filled up with people before it filled up with anything else. Mother Hubbard with her empty cupboard, and so many chillun she didn't know what to do, would have felt right at home.

On May 26, 1863 Bill Fairweather's prospecting party had struck gold in Alder Gulch, then a part of Idaho Territory but soon to be included in a new Territory called Montana. It was destined to be one of the richest placer gold diggings in the West.

Within months, several camps sprang up along Alder Creek, the most important being Virginia City, Junction and Nevada City. It was estimated that between 1500 and 2000 tents, bark shacks and log cabins filled in the spaces between towns. At night it was like a city of one long, crooked street, with the lights of miners' candles and kerosene lanterns shining dimly through makeshift windows of oiled paper and scraped deer hides, or more brightly through half-open doors.

Alder Gulch, like most gold strike camps, was at first a community of men —for the most part young and unattached. When not working on their claims, they spent their time in hunting, winning or losing at the gaming tables now and then chasing road agents.

The spring and summer of 186 changed things. Hundreds of familie arrived; buildings became more sub stantial; the supplying of needs fo 10,000 people, far from a shipping poin became a major industry. There wa game in the hills and beef could be pur



chased from the ranches of Kohr and Johnny Grant in the Deer Lodge Valley, but everything else—mail, clothing, food and mining supplies—had to be brought in from Utah to the south, or "the States" to the east.

Most of the latter merchandise came by steamboat from St. Louis, up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, then overland by horse, mule or ox train 300 rough miles to Virginia City. Supplies from Utah were loaded at Salt Lake City, Farmington or Corinne and hauled by way of Fort Hall, up along Snake River, through Beaver Canyon, over Pleasant Valley Divide, down the Beaverhead, across Stinking Water Valley (now Ruby) to Alder Gulch. These 400 miles of primitive roads were hard traveling in summer's best but impossible when the snow fell deep in Beaver Canyon, as it often did.

BY early fall 1864, there were a few inhabitants of Alder Gulch with enough foresight to read the signs of a coming food shortage, especially flour. Quite a number of storekeepers and others began buying up that valued commodity, whenever they could find a few sacks for sale, and quietly stashing it away with an eye to making a fat profit.

Among those who realized the seriousness of the situation, but with no thought to gain by it, was Thomas Dimsdale, editor of the *Montana Post*, Montana's first printed newspaper. Dimsdale advised everyone to lay in such supplies as they could for the winter. When a heavy snow fell early in October, the *Post* carried the following warning: "Flour went up $4.00 the morning of the snow. If it continues to go up as the snow comes down, where will it stop?" The price of flour on that date was $24 and $26 per hundred-pound sack.

When one snowstorm followed another, clogging the passes, supply trains arrived less and less frequently and finally stopped altogether. Word was brought to Alder Gulch by men on horseback that several wagontrains loaded with flour and other provisions were stranded in Beaver Canyon and along the Snake.

Less bread was eaten by the miners' families; pies were a rare luxury. By the end of March most of the flour still in Alder Gulch was in the hands of speculators willing to make a fortune on the misfortunes of others. The price climbed steadily upward until April 16, when flour was quoted at $45 per hundred pounds. That was bad enough, but the next day when some of those with a "corner on flour" were asking, and in some cases getting, as much as $110 a sack, those who couldn't, or wouldn't, pay such a price felt it was time for something to be done. They had no intention of allowing people to go hungry while the makings of the staff of life still existed in camp.

IN Virginia City, also, groups of excited citizens gathered on Wallace Street, berating their flour hoarders and money grabbers, while a less excited but more purposeful group met in Nevada

(Continued on page 64)

NUGGETS

THE VIGILANTE WAY

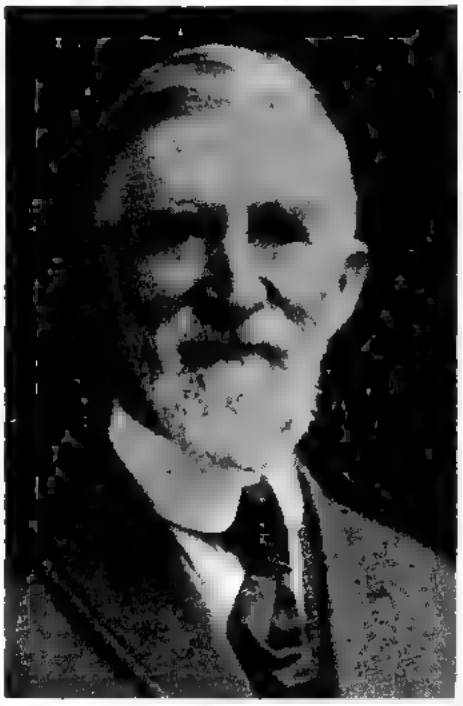
By Jessie H. Stelling

"WHEN I was a child, my brothers and I spent many hours digging in the pastures across the river from our farm. We were looking for a belt buckle, spur or a piece of old leather boot belonging to Casey Stone, a desperado buried there during frontier days." Mabel Pomeroy of New Plymouth, Idaho, now in her eighties, was reminiscing about her childhood on the farm her father had taken in payment for grubstaking some would-be miners in the gold rush days a century ago.

Her father, A. J. McFarland, owner and operator of the Payette Store from 1871 to '81, was appointed postmaster in January 1872. A short time later the U. S. government issued him a needle gun, a .50 caliber Springfield breech loading rifle for use in safeguarding the mail. This gun also helped the Payette Vigilantes protect the lawless frontier.

McFarland's store was located near a ferry on the Payette River seventeen miles before its confluence with the Snake at what is now the Oregon border.

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: A. J. McFarland in 1920. Below: Falk store, east of New Plymouth, Idaho. It burned in 1922.

The store stocked a full line of early-day necessities, and business was good with the homesteaders and travelers as well as the Umatilla and Bannock Indians. It was the only supply center and mail stop between Boise, Idaho and Baker, Oregon.

The Payette Store and Post Office was one of a cluster of buildings which included a butcher shop, community building and several houses. Because of the danger of fire the wooden structures were set a distance apart. As a result, what went on in one building was not always heard by the neighbors. This was good for privacy but when help was needed it wasn't always available.

In the '70s, Idaho was still a territory and the Payette Store was on a direct line of travel to both the Placerville mines and the Oregon country. Evil characters, trappers, and gold-hungry men, as well as ordinary pioneers, stopped as they made their way along the Oregon Trail and the Placerville-Overland Road.

One day word was received that a stagecoach had been robbed near Boise by an outlaw known as Casey Stone. The bandit had escaped from the posse and was headed in the direction of the Pay-

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

ette Store. Whether Stone was a minor member of a known gang or a lone operator is obscure now, but his reputation as a notorious gunslinger was known to traveler and settler alike. When evening approached, everyone was on edge and feared what the night would bring.

AS Mabel Pomeroy remembers her father telling the story, it was about 10 o'clock and Mr. McFarland was still busy with customers. Patrons often lingered through the evening visiting and gathering news to carry back to the homestead. But business had ceased at the butcher shop and Billy Maupin, thinking it best to get home to his family, locked up and started for his log cabin at the end of a row of houses a half-mile away.

Letterhead from McFarland's Post Office stationery.

Billy was near his home when a man rose up out of the sagebrush at the side of the road and ordered the butcher to return to the shop and get at least a $100 worth of gold dust. When the merchant hesitated the outlaw shot close to Billy's feet which so surprised him that he jumped and turned around in mid-air. The outlaw roared with laughter.

Billy started for the shop, trying to think of a way to warn the others at the store and of a plan to save himself, for he knew this could be none other than the fugitive, Casey Stone.

"Get a move on!" yelled the gunman and he shot again. Billy jumped for the second time when he felt the jar of the bullet as it hit his heel. This amused the bandit and he shot several times more, though Billy was going as fast as his legs could carry his heavy body. The puffing man slowed as he passed the Payette Store hoping Stone would shoot again and attract attention. But this wasn't according to the bandit's plan and the tradesman was hurried on to the butcher shop with the rifle barrel close to his back.

As Billy climbed the three steps to the porch of the shop he tried to get his shaking hands into his pocket for the padlock key. Casey was in no mood to waste time so shot the lock off the door and handed his victim a buckskin pouch for the gold dust.

Inside the store the shopkeeper started around the counter to the safe with the outlaw close behind. The moonbeams reflected on a knife lying on the cutting block. There was some slight sound outside the building and as the gunman glanced toward the door Billy grabbed the knife and swung at the robber's arm. The gun was knocked to the floor and the excited butcher proceeded to kill the bandit by striking him seventeen times with the sharp instrument. When Billy could get his breath he went to the Payette Store and reported that Casey Stone was dead.

The few remaining customers hurried to the butcher shop to view the happy ending of a fearful day and to compliment Billy on his bravery. In true vigilante style they decided on the spot that justice had been done and there was no reason to preserve the evidence. The men hurriedly nailed some boards together for a coffin, picked up the outlaw from the floor, and placed him in it—hat, boots, gun, spurs and all. They nailed the box shut, took it out into the field behind the shop, and conducted a burial that very night.

Billy Maupin was a hero and often showed the shot-off padlock, the boot with part of the heel missing, and the heavy knife. For years these items hung in a place of honor on the wall of the shop.

No one there that night had ever seen Casey Stone but as the years passed they became very positive he was indeed the bandit they buried, for Casey Stone was never heard of again. His grave cannot be located now. It is believed to have been washed away by the flooding of the river.

GENERAL RULES FOR POSTMASTERS IN THE CONDUCT OF THEIR OFFICES

The United States Official Postal Guide for May 1897

DAYS AND HOURS OF BUSINESS

When the mail arrives at a post office on Sunday, the postmaster should keep the office open for one hour or more for the delivery of the same, after it has been duly assorted, if the public convenience demands it. If it be received during the time of public worship, the opening of the office should be delayed until the services have closed. He is not required to open the office during the day of Sunday if no mails arrive after the closing of the same on Saturday, and before six o'clock on Sunday afternoon. While the office is open, stamps may be sold to any one applying therefor, and mail delivered to persons calling for the same; but money-orders must not be issued nor paid, nor letters registered on that day. Sunday-school services are not to be regarded as "public worship," within the contemplation of the regulations.

The business of a post office cannot be restricted to certain days in the week under the provisions of Section 436, Postal Laws and Regulations.

Postmasters are not obliged to open, assort, and deliver the same evening, a mail which arrives after 9 P.M.; but there is nothing to prohibit their doing it, if they feel so disposed.

The hours during which clerks in post offices are required to be on duty are regulated by the postmasters in whose offices they are employed, and not by the Department.

LOCATION OF POST OFFICES

The site of a post office of the fourth-class shall not be changed without authority from the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. When it is desirable to change the location of a Presidential post office, application should be made to the First Assistant Postmaster-General.

At post offices on the line of railroads, where a change has been made in the postmaster, and the incoming postmaster changes the site of the post office to a point more than eighty rods from the railroad station without first securing unconditional authority from the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General thereof, the postmaster will be required to provide the exchange of mails without expense to the Department, and no messenger service will be established until said change of site shall have been duly authorized.

When a change of a site of a post office increases or decreases the distance traveled by a mail messenger or carrier for its supply the postmaster should at once report that fact to the Second Assistant Postmaster-General.

It is not allowable, under the regulations of the Department, to locate a post office in a bar-room, or in any room directly connected therewith, nor to open or deliver the mail matter in any room in which liquor is sold at retail, except the same be sold by a druggist for medicinal purposes only, not to be drunk on the premises.

Postmasters at post offices of the fourth-class are permitted to transact other business in the room in which the post office is located, when the same is kept separate and distinct from that of the post office.

If the postmaster has a store in connection with the post office and the same is attached and closed for debts incurred by the postmaster, he should provide another room for his office, as the Department will not protect him against the enforcement of State laws by allowing him to plead interference with the mails.

(Continued on next page)

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The policy of the Post Office Department is to secure postmasters who will at least keep a building used for official purposes free from all charges and claims against the premises. The Department will not sustain any postmaster in attempting to evade the payment of rent upon premises so occupied through the use of his official position.—*Courtesy Elmer J. Binker, "The Postal Historian," White City, Oregon.*

ONE NIGHT AT DIVIDEND

By George A. Thompson

DIVIDEND, UTAH was a "company town," a model mining camp built by the Tintic Standard Mining Company. It was located at the edge of the cedar-covered slopes of the East Tintic Mountains, five miles east of the famous mining town of Eureka, in Utah County. It consisted of only a few rough cabins in 1907, the year the Standard Mine was located, but by the time the new camp was granted a post office in 1918 it had modern stores, a saloon and pool hall, an ice plant, a schoolhouse and even a brass band. Unlike most Utah towns, however, it did not have a church. Old-timers say the town was named for the large dividends being paid stockholders of the Tintic Standard Company.

Though Dividend reached its peak after the days of the "Wild West" were long gone, the last shoot-out there happened in 1921. In March of that year, just a few minutes before twelve on a cold dark night, four masked outlaws entered the Dividend Mercantile Store. There were few customers inside, for manager John Monson was just closing for the night.

It was common knowledge among the miners at Dividend that the Tintic Standard Company often kept its large payroll in Monson's strong iron safe before moving it to the company offices under heavy guard. Apparently the bandits believed that the company payroll was in the sturdy old safe that particular night. When Monson told them that he could not open the safe, one of the bandits flew into a rage, cursing and threatening the storekeeper's life if the safe weren't opened at once.

Just at this moment John Westerdahl, Mine Superintendent for the Tintic Standard Company, entered the dimly lit store, unaware of the robbery taking place inside. As the store door banged shut, one of the bandits whirled and fired at Westerdahl, the bullet striking him in the head and killing him instantly. When the first bandit shot Westerdahl the others began firing wildly also, probably thinking they were surrounded by lawmen.

Both storekeeper Monson and John Hernandez, a miner who had been in the store when the bandits entered, were seriously injured in the blazing crossfire. Another man named Peterson was shot in the stomach, but managed to crawl outside onto the sidewalk before he died. The sound of shooting quickly brought a crowd of half-dressed men, running to see what was happening, and this act assured the bandits' easy escape. Running from the store they quickly melted into the milling groups gathered in the darkness on the street. With their masks removed, they became indistinguishable from the townspeople.

A posse was quickly formed to search Dividend and the roads leading out of it, but no trace of the bandits was ever found. Nearly everyone suspected, however, that the killers were probably miners who lived there in town, and who had only to run to their homes to avoid capture. Monson later said he believed he recognized the voice of one of the bandits as being that of a customer of his, but he didn't dare make any accusations, for he did not know who the other three killers were.

For another five years the mines at Dividend poured out millions in gold and silver. A large reduction mill was built at nearby Harold. By the late 1920s shafts had been dug more than 2,000 feet deep, and an ever increasing flood of underground water was making mining unprofitable. Dividend's day in the sun was nearly over.

Today Dividend is a deserted camp haunted by the ghost of men like John Westerdahl, who had only wanted to purchase a cigar. A terrible price to pay for a smoke!

Photos Courtesy Author

Top to bottom: Part of residential and business section of Dividend, Utah with the Tintic Standard Mine in upper left. Rusting ore buckets on a long abandoned tramway at the North Lily Mine, Dividend. The Tintic Standard Mill at Harold, a small "company town" 10 miles east of Dividend.

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Northwest Trade Gun

the Indian's magic smoke pole

BY MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

THE SHOSHONIS of the Pacific Northwest were the first Indians to obtain horses in that region, by bartering with the Comanches from the Great Plains. Very soon thereafter they tried them out as war horses on their ancient enemies, the Blackfeet. Many unfortunate braves were clubbed to death by swift riders from pony backs. The warrior on the ground was almost helpless against them.

So stunned were the Blackfeet that they appealed to the Crees and Assiniboines to help them exact vengeance. These allies had a deadly ace up their buckskin sleeves when more than a hundred of their warriors joined the Blackfeet. They brought along what was a magic smoke pole to Indians—ten trade guns, each with thirty rounds of powder and ball.

As had been the ancient battle custom, after the challenge was flung and accepted two opposing lines of warriors assembled to engage in hand-to-hand conflict. The Shoshoni chief (not the one owning the Comanche ponies) ordered his warriors forward.

Blackfeet, Cree and Assiniboines advanced as though intending to meet the attack. At about twenty yards they halted. While the Shoshoni line kept on coming, the Cree and Assiniboines, carrying the astounding new weapons, opened fire. The short trade guns had been concealed behind war shields of tough buffalo hide. Each warrior carried two lead balls in his mouth for quick reloading after the powder was poured in.

Any Shoshoni not killed, when hit, was gravely wounded. So devastating was

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

this blazing, smoke-belching hollow tube that the Shoshonis fled in terror.

The gun was a muzzle-loading flintlock 5/8" smooth bore musket of .66 or .69 caliber. In overall length it was 24" to 36", and the first powder weapon to reach the Rocky Mountains Indians. It was bartered to them for furs as early as 1650 by French fur traders from Canada.

After the establishment of Hudson's Bay Company in 1670 the trade gun in large numbers reached the tribes of west-central Canada and those south of the American territories to be.

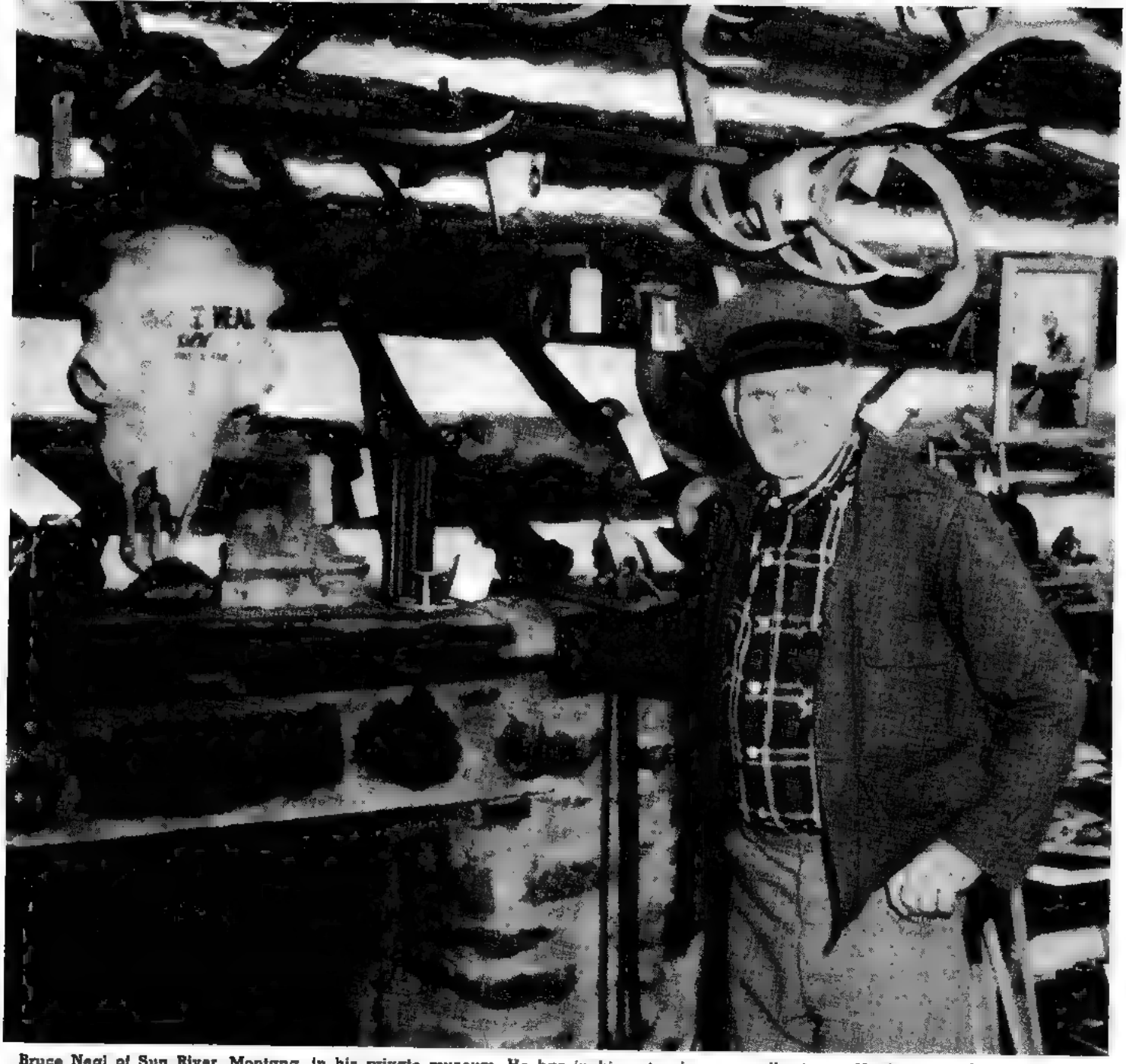
The North West Company, organized at Montreal in 1783, also furnished trade guns and ammunition to Indians. Both companies bartered them in large lots to the far ranging Crees and Sioux, who in turn traded them to more distant tribes.

When the French explorer La Verendrye reached present Wyoming in 1729 he found the Crees, Assiniboines and Sioux well supplied with trade guns although they had not supplanted the bow and arrow altogether. The Indians handled the firearms with great skill. In fact, after several serious quarrels with La Verendrye, they used the weapons to chase the Frenchman and his party back into Canada!

THE ORIGINAL trade guns were made in Charleville, France. Later, gunsmiths turned them out at St. Etienne, Maybeuge, and finally a dozen other places. All were patterned on the British

Northwest trade gun (above) cut to carbine length by its Indian owner. The English "Brown Bess" musket (below), showing firing mechanism.

Northwest trade gun and firing mechanism (above) as sketched by Charles Wimer in 1859. The French Charleville trade gun (below). Model 1795 which was used by the Army. It is a .69 caliber flintlock musket.



Bruce Neal of Sun River, Montana, in his private museum. He has in his extensive gun collection a Northwest trade gun at least 300 years old (right above his hand on the mantel).

fusils. Hudson's Bay first ordered them from gun makers in London and Birmingham. Newer types were later called "Brown Bess," Model 1 being produced about 1750. All early trade guns had a trigger guard so large that it could be fired with fingers encased in glove or mitten.

The counter-locking piece was brass, having indented on it the figure of a dragon or sea monster. For their specially ordered trade guns Hudson's Bay had a seated fox decoration, usually encircled and on the left side of the piece.

French traders, who introduced the smooth bore musket to the Northwest Indians before 1700, were the first to build fur trading forts in the Far West. One of their earliest was Fort a la Corne, fifteen miles east of the forks of the Saskatchewan River.

About 1751 French traders ventured farther westward and south into what is now Montana. They established Fort la Jonquiere in the Blackfeet country. The original site has long been in dispute but must have been somewhere around present Choteau.

Despite the fact that the North West Company entered the fur trade between the period of Hudson's Bay and American companies' enterprises, the muskets were better known throughout the Rocky Mountains as the Northwest trade gun.

In some regions there were local names for them—Hudson's Bay fuke, Mackinaw gun, the Indian gun, trade gun, and in present Montana the blanket gun.

A legend persists that the short-barreled musket could be hidden in the blanket worn by an Indian. With gun thus concealed, he appeared unarmed when entering the camp of another tribe. Indians are also recorded as approaching white men with a trade gun hidden in the same way. At an opportune moment the guns were brought out and used on the unsuspecting. Hence, the name "blanket gun."

Lewis and Clark were surprised to find some of the Rocky Mountains tribes well supplied with the Northwest gun. Not until a few years after their expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific slope did American fur companies open up the Missouri River regions to trade. Only then was the Northwest gun made in the United States.

They were copies of the earlier trade gun. When the United States government gave the firm of Barnett and Ketland an order for 100 muskets it specifically required that they be "Northwest

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guns" because the Indians favored the type above all others. These were sold to Indians at Fort Osage on the lower Missouri.

By 1828 American firms were duplicating the Northwest gun in quantity. The first good ones were manufactured in Pennsylvania by the Boulton Gun Works of Nazareth. The several American fur companies ordered and transported the smooth bore musket in lots of several hundred each to their forts in the Rockies.

A little later Henry E. Lehman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania turned out an excellent Northwest gun which competed in price with the best that European gunsmiths could produce. In 1858 he manufactured 365 Northwest guns, of which 297 were flintlocks.

Even after introduction of the percussion cap and improved firing mechanism, the western tribes still favored the old trade gun. Their preference remained unchanged when breech-loading rifles and then repeating rifles were available to them. Several reasons existed for this attitude. The Indian did not want a long and heavy gun. It was unwieldy. Musket barrels were usually filed off to shorter length, including the 24" ones. A long barrel was unhandy in the brush, and inter-tribal battles were invariably fought at close range.

They could cut their own flints from native stone of several types. On a running horse, loading the Short flintlock was much easier than fumbling with a tiny cap on a nipple. Moreover, on the dun the powder could be poured into the barrel from a narrow-mouthed horn (to fit into the muzzle) and the charge fixed. The Northwest gun was then slapped butt against the thigh or saddle, throwing powder into the pan quickly, and the musket was ready to fire.

Still another important factor was that the large bore could be loaded with buckshot or birdshot for hunting small game. The rifled musket and the later lever-action guns could not be used for this purpose. Rifles had to be cleaned and cared for; the musket did not foul beyond use. Anyway, the Indian was never noted for taking much care of his firearms.

DURING the heyday of the Northwest trade gun other similar types—shotguns, pistols and revolvers and rifles—fell into the Indians' hands by barter, theft or capture. All of these weapons were used to some degree. The trade gun was used in virtually every war against the whites, in particular the bloody Minnesota massacre by the Sioux during their onslaught against the settlers in 1862. As late as 1787 the Bannocks were fighting with Northwest guns in Oregon and Idaho, though some of them did have more modern weapons, including those firing cartridges.

After obtaining their first improved cartridge guns the Indians learned to reload the brass casings without having the usual tools to do so. For the rim-fire and percussion caps for center fires they used phosphorous soaked from match heads. They often mined their own lead and used bullet molds purchased from traders. They were also known to carve out the balls with a pocket knife. There are many instances when, not having lead, they used gold nuggets or horn silver instead.

Among the motley assortment of firearms employed to decimate General George Custer and his troops on the Little Big Horn in 1876, were Northwest trade guns. It isn't true that Indians in that fight carried firearms superior to those of the 7th Cavalry.

Two years earlier, in 1874, during the notorious Cypress Hills battle in Canada, Indians fought the whiskey runners almost entirely with Northwest trade guns. These weapons and ammunition came from the Hudson's Bay Company.

When the trade gun first reached Indian tribes the French-Canadian fur traders and trappers were using the same weapons. But very rapidly they and later mountain men armed themselves with better firearms of several makes. Few of these were sold to Indians, especially by the fur posts in the remote wilderness.

The Northwest trade gun had a short range, forty to one hundred yards, depending on the quality and charge of powder behind the ball. The rifles had a much longer range, of course. Hence, in a fight with Indians using the smooth bore musket, a few white men could defeat a large number of red men easily.

There also existed an unwritten law from the earliest fur trading days: "Sell no good guns to Indians. Do not give them arms to kill our traders and trappers with, when they can make war on their tribal enemies with the trade gun."

Post factors and brigade leaders much preferred that there be peace among the tribes with whom they traded or in whose country they trapped. In a region stricken by tribal warfare trappers and traders were sure to be attacked by one faction or the other.

And there was another rule: "Sell the Indian no more ball and powder than

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By A. C. Greene

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necessary to take care of his hunting requirements." Instances are endless where Indians were furnished guns and ammunition that led to disaster for the white man. One of the more notable is that of Fort Lemhi.

This Idaho Mormon mission and settlement was established in 1855. In the nearby valley various Indian tribes—Bannock, Shoshoni, Nez Perce, Lemhi and remnants of other tribes—collected. These Indians were soon fighting each other and stealing horses. The settlers had been issuing them ammunition for hunting purposes, but sparingly. The Lemhis demanded guns and, on instructions from Salt Lake City, were presented with a few. In late 1857 Indian conditions at Fort Lemhi reached a crisis. When demands for more guns and ammunition were refused, the angry Nez Perce held a war dance at the fort. More guns were needed for their war with the Lemhis.

The Bannocks and Shoshonis went to the settlers declaring they would halt the impending attack. They got only a couple of guns but an almost unlimited supply of balls and powder. The Bannock chief then decided—why not wipe out the settlers? From hiding they brought forth Northwest trade guns. The balls and powder armed them quickly.

On February 25, 1858, some two hundred Bannock and Shoshoni warriors struck the settlement. Fortunately a friendly Indian managed to give advance warning so that families had time to seek refuge behind the fort's walls. The Indians then attacked the fort with the ammunition so unwisely handed over to them.

During the siege the inside buildings were set on fire, and only the superiority of better guns saved the day. When the blazes were extinguished and order was somewhat restored it was learned that twelve of the settlers had been killed and 25 wounded—by their own lead!

The angry Indians then burned a number of homes, and rounded up 300 head of cattle and 150 horses which they drove north out of the Lemhi River Valley. Fort Lemhi was quickly abandoned, for hundreds of malcontents still lurked about.

DESPITE wide use of the Northwest gun, especially for waging war, many Indians could not afford one, or the powder and balls. All were extremely expensive when purchased from traders. In addition, as some found out, the traders were not above diluting the powder in order to make a higher profit.

The Indians without guns continued using the bow and arrow. Indeed, those who owned firearms usually hunted buffalo, deer and elk with bows and arrows. Some of the bows were strong enough to drive an arrow shaft all the way through the shaggy animals. Also, there was no thundering noise to scare away surrounding animals.

For 225 years tens of thousands of Northwest trade guns were bartered for by the Indian tribes. Yet today very few of them exist. This is strange, indeed, for the ancient smooth bores should have been in large supply even after 1900, although they had long been out of use.

Some authorities on the subject claim there are not a half dozen authentic Northwest trade guns to be seen in American museums. But there are a few in the hands of private collectors who acquired them fifty or more years ago. On Sun River near Augusta, Montana, Bruce Neal, a trapper all his life, has established a huge private gun collection. He has a French trade gun 300 years old.

Since Montana Indians acquired the guns early and used the smooth bore muskets longer than any others, possibly a few more could be tucked away in private hands.

Houston Fell To Cherokee Bill

(Continued from page 23)

Fort Gibson or Wagoner, to the Cherokee Capital. A slightly different version reports that they already had received their shares from the Tahlequah payment and were waiting to hold up a party of tribal guards taking the rest of the federal money to Wagoner, where it would be expressed to Vinita. Jim Cook's story, as quoted by a news reporter after the capture, is still another version.

Whatever their purpose, a murder had resulted and the bloody career of Cherokee Bill was spurred on its violent way. An employe of the Halfway House, according to a popular legend, when asked the day after the shooting if one of the outlaws was Crawford Goldsby, replied, "No, it was Cherokee Bill."

Goldsby, at only eighteen years of age, had shot his first man after an argument at a dance at Fort Gibson. He had left his victim for dead, but it is believed the man recovered from the pistol blast. It was for this crime he was wanted when he was lodged at the Halfway House.

Following the death of Sequoyah Houston, Bill had a spree of about two years robbing trains, express offices, post offices and stores, and wantonly killing anyone in his way. He was finally captured and sentenced by Judge Parker of Fort Smith, Arkansas, for the killing of Earnest Melton, a bystander Bill shot while robbing a store at Lenapah in the Cherokee Nation. This crime was committed less than five months after the Halfway House shooting—and Cherokee Bill was hanged on March 17, 1896, at the age of twenty.

The Halfway House gunfight was reported in the June 21, 1894, issue of the Muskogee *Phoenix* on an inside page under a small, one-column headline: "A DEADLY FIGHT Between the Cook boys and the Cherokee Guards—A Guard killed and Jim Cook severely shot."

Jim Cook had been captured two days later, the newspaper stated, in a pasture near Fort Gibson when two of the outlaws hiding near the Arkansas River were forced to ride off and leave their companion hidden in the weeds. "A dozen guns were dropped on him at once." When the posse's gunfire drove the gang from the Halfway House to their horses, young Cook, wounded, had been taken along riding double behind his older

brother. The story described his wounds as "two in the breast, one in the hand and arm, two in the thigh, two in the groin and one in the knee, besides several other wounds."

The reporter described Cook as eighteen years old and "a mere stripling of a boy" who "weighs about 125 pounds and appears like a country youth who has seen some of the world and has done more cowboy service than farm work. . . . He bears his wounds and his capture with stoic indifference."

Cook was quoted by the paper as saying he and the others had not planned a robbery, but only "had been over to Tahlequah to draw our headright money." The Cherokee guards, he said, had attacked them without cause.

The news story said that Cook was jailed at Muskogee and was wanted in the Fort Smith and Cherokee courts "on numerous grave charges, ranging from robbery to killing the Cherokee guard. He will probably be turned over to the Fort Smith court as soon as this court gets through with him. If there is anything left of him he will probably be handed over to the Cherokees." (As the authorities didn't know who killed Houston, they undoubtedly would have named any member of the gang in the murder charge.)

Jim Cook later escaped jail and was finally shot to death for trespassing on another man's property. His brother Bill was later captured and tried and given a life sentence in prison, where he died of tuberculosis. Others involved in the Halfway House shoot-out were to meet with more violence.

DURING the winter following the gunfight, Jess Cochran and Jim French were killed in a shooting at Catoosa, a rough town near modern-day Tulsa. It was in January 1895, said Mack Houston, the date of the "black snow," a phenomenon caused by some unusual combination of atmosphere and weather.

Two on the side of the law at the Halfway House battle—the Crittenden brothers—were killed a little over a year later at nearby Wagoner by Ed Reed, son of Bell Starr. Though reports of the incident vary, a common belief is that the Crittendens got in a shooting when they had had too much to drink and Reed gunned them down on the street. Zeke and Dick Crittenden are now buried under one headstone in a small cemetery near Hulbert—and only a few hundred yards from the site of the Halfway House.

Zack Taylor, in whose store building Sequoyah Houston's body had awaited transportation home, was killed about a year later by Mose Miller and Bill Nails, two outlaws who had ridden through the hills from the town of Braggs to rob his store. He resisted, and was promptly shot down.

Stories on the Halfway House incident have differed concerning both the number of outlaws and number of possemen. Some accounts state only the Cook brothers and Cherokee Bill were battling the officers, and that the posse numbered only seven.

Jim Cook had told the Phoenix re-

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by Jimmy Banks

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Mack Houston at the grave of his father in the Blue Springs Cemetery. Sequoyah Houston and his family lived in a log house a short distance from the cemetery before he was killed in 1894.

porter, "There were two besides myself. I will not state their names." But he said another man at the house, who was not of their group, was wounded. As to the posse, Cook said the house was "surrounded by about fifteen Cherokee guards."

The newspaper at earlier points in the story stated that lawmen shot one man whose name was not given before they searched the pasture where the three were hiding, and that "there were about a dozen of the guards as they approached the house and the fight began." The first statement referred to the officers' hunt near the Arkansas River where young Cook was captured. The second was describing the Halfway House incident.

Mack Houston says the names of the possemen were told him by its last surviving member, Bill McKee, who died about eight years ago. When Sequoyah Houston was shot, his son says, McKee was standing behind him. Mack Houston says he is also sure that Jess Cochran and Jim French were with the Cooks and Cherokee Bill in the Halfway House.

One early account agrees with Mack Houston as to the number and names of the possemen. But published reports as to the number in the Halfway House are vague.

History has also been confused by the last name of one of the possemen—Rattling Gourd. One account indicates it was the name of a place where the posse formed. It was not a location, however, but a well-known tribal name in the Cherokee Nation. The family is still represented in large numbers in modern Cherokee County by the Gourds (as with many Indian names, the first part has been dropped).

As a lawman, Sequoyah Houston spent much of his time tracking down horse thieves—generally white men who drove the animals from the open-range Cherokee Nation into Osage country to sell to the Indians there. A quick and accurate shot, he practiced regularly by firing into a huge maple tree on the far bank of the creek from his house. He molded and reloaded his own .44-caliber bullets for both his pistol and Winchester. A good horseman, he helped feed his family by hunting deer and wild turkey from his white horse—the favorite animal he always rode during the years his son knew him. His son also remembers him as a striking figure with wide black hat, his six-shooter holstered on a wide belt with bullets completely around, and boots with high heels and high tops.

HOUSTON liked the Cherokee social life of getting together with neighbors for house-raisings—community efforts to build one another's homes; rail maulings—another cooperative activity of producing rails for fences; and parties at his home when Houston himself entertained by playing the fiddle. No alcoholic drinks were served at the Houston home get-togethers—only the favorite Indian beverage of canutche, made from hickory nuts.

Bill Cook, leader of the Cook Gang.

Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill.

It was at one of these social affairs that Houston had his nearest escape from death. In what was called an accident—but suspected otherwise—a Winchester shot during one of the cabin-raisings sent a ball of lead through Houston's coat, barely missing his body. The slug hit and killed a neighbor, Taylor Sixkiller.

"Those were rough times then—there was almost no civilization here at all," says Mack Houston. "When gunfights happened, they were generally over pretty quick—and generally it was after somebody got killed. And everybody carried some kind of artillery."

He remembers that on Tahlequah's main street which was faced by the Cherokee Capitol—Muskogee Avenue—many homes had wood shutters on the windows so they could be closed at night to hide the light from outside eyes. Often pistol-toting drunken Indians and cowboys would get "run out of town," he says, "and they'd get on their horses and go riding up this street and when they'd see a light they'd take a shot at it. There were plenty of roughnecks then, and I don't mean maybe. Everybody carried some kind of firearm and they were quick to use those old thumb-busters. And when a young man was feeling good he liked to warm it up a little."

Houston also remembers well his father's burial, in the small Blue Springs cemetery only half a mile from the family's home. "The day of the funeral seemed like the hottest day of the year."

It was at the same cemetery where, about a year before his death, Sequoyah Houston told his family of meeting a ghost. He was walking by the cemetery one night to the home of sick neighbors who had asked him for help. Suddenly he saw a man walking ahead of him. Thinking it was the neighbor, Houston hastened his pace to catch up. But when he got near, the man vanished. His family interpreted it as "some kind of warning."

Mack Houston's place of business in Tahlequah is on Muskogee Avenue, about six blocks north of the old Cherokee Capitol which was transformed into and still serves as the county courthouse. Acting as bailiff in the same courthouse is a distant cousin of posse member Ellis Rattling Gourd—Allen Gourd.

Sequoyah Houston is buried next to his father, Clostoma Houston, in the little cemetery now almost forgotten by the modern world. Under Sequoyah's name on the headstone is the date of death—June 17, 1894—and his mistaken age—"aged about 40 years," caused by hasty arrangements by a relative who estimated him eight years too old. Both graves are visited regularly by Sequoyah's son whose own lifetime has spanned the most violent era of Oklahoma's history.

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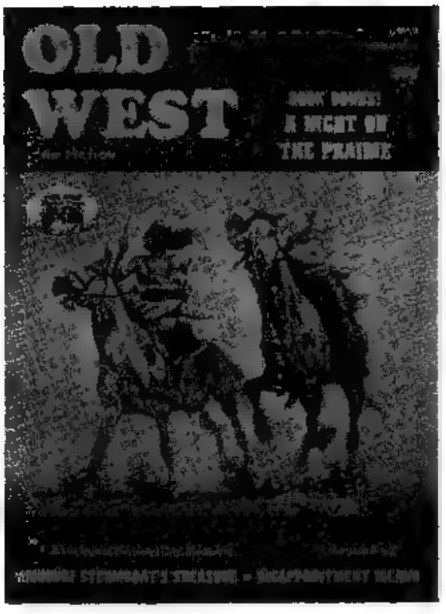

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Living On Borrowed Time

(Continued from page 27)

from the goods in the wagon, anything he desired, in exchange for the herd's protection through the rest of the journey to the fort. Porcupine consulted with the warriors in his band, promising them a share in the provisions and gifts in the wagon equaling the amount of ten robes. The warriors agreed to the deal.

In the meantime Ben, the driver, and Sam had kept the cattle together. Within ten minutes after the agreement the herd was started up the river. Porcupine was the only Indian to accompany them, the rest having ridden off in the direction of Fort Sully.

THE NEXT evening, in camp, Porcupine began talking of his experiences, no doubt doing a little boasting of his exploits as was the braves' custom. The incident that interested Larned most was one that had taken place two years before. Porcupine told of having a battle with the whites on the edge of the Badlands to the northwest (as he pointed with his arm).

Larned and his two companions listened intently while the chief related that the immigrant train had halted and made a fortification of sod, behind which they circled their wagons. Their stock remained inside and the Sioux could not get to them. Porcupine said they had a white woman captive in their band, and they ordered her to write a "talking paper" for them to deliver to the train master. The Indians tied the white paper to the end of a stick and Porcupine took it near the fortification and stuck it into the ground. A white man came out and took it into the fort.

At this point in the story Larned leaned over, tapped Porcupine on the arm, and said, "All you had on was a feather in your hair, a breechclout, and moccasins."

The chief's mouth flew open. "How did you know that?"

Larned answered, "I was one of the six men standing guard on top of the little knoll toward which you came with the stick. And what is more, I saved your life that day."

"How could that be?" the astonished Indian exclaimed.

"One of the six men was mad at you because your people had killed his brother a few days before. He had his rifle cocked and sighted on you when you were pressing the stick in the ground, but I took his rifle away from him."

Three days after that conversation they made camp on Blue Blanket Creek in the late afternoon. Porcupine asked if he could take Larned's rifle out and bring in some meat. It was the only gun among the three white men, but Larned let the chief take it. As the evening grew late and Porcupine had not returned to camp, Larned became worried. Long after dark, however, Porcupine came tramping in with an antelope over his shoulder.

It was almost June when they arrived at Fort Rice. The herd was intact but footsore and thin. Porcupine was allowed to take his choice of gifts and provisions to the value of ten robes, and Larned gave him good measure. Soldiers at the fort realized that Porcupine's help had been the same as an insurance policy.

The Indian departed after a couple of days for Fort Sully country with passage on the steamboat *Antelope*. When Larned thanked him for keeping his promise the proud red man replied, "There is no split in Porcupine's tongue."

Two years later, when Larned was the company trader at Fort Berthold, up the Missouri River about ninety miles, a large group of Sioux came in one day to trade. Among them was Porcupine. An Indian named Dragged-the-Stone, and his family, also came in. This Indian planted his elbows on the counter and, smiling at the trader, said, "I was going to kill you once."

"How was that?" asked Larned.

"That night you had those cattle on Blue Blanket Creek," Dragged-the-Stone continued. "I had been following you all day with ten men. We were going to wipe you out that night, but Porcupine came along and said he had promised you to help get the cattle to Fort Rice and he would do it or die."

That confrontation had taken place the night Porcupine had been absent from camp with the rifle, Larned concluded, and his admiration for his Indian friend increased a hundred-fold. When he met Porcupine by calling him to the fort through a scout, Bloody Knife, the next day, Larned asked him about the incident. The chief just smiled and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "You saved my life once and I didn't know it, and I saved your life once and you didn't know it."

He laid his two long forefingers together and said, "That is the way we are now."

Larned's opinion of Porcupine later in life, was that in his sixty years of active acquaintance with all sorts of men, he rated his friendship with the Indian above all others, white or red.

AT EIGHTEEN years of age, Larned in 1863 had accompanied his parents with a wagontrain of immigrants from their home in Minnesota to Fort Rice, with the intention of going to the gold fields of Montana and Idaho. His parents ended their journey at Fort Rice; their son proceeded with the train, under Captain James Fisk, farther west. There were many attacks on the train by the Sioux, and by the time they had reached the edge of the Badlands in western Dakota the attacks had become so severe that the wagons were circled and a fortification was built around them to protect the people and the stock. Runners were sent back to Fort Rice for military reinforcements. Only fifty soldiers had escorted them that far. While the whites were waiting for help, the incident took place about which Porcupine had spoken to Larned in their camp. The Indian had told the yarn exactly the way it had happened, increasing Larned's faith in his honesty.

It was unusual that a man as young as Horatio had advanced to such a position of responsibility with the Fur Company and its traders, but his background perhaps accounted for some of his reliability and caused him to be mature beyond his age. His tact in dealing with the Indians was a natural trait.

LICENSED ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION

Born to William and Elizabeth Larned at Hudson, Michigan, in 1845, he very early learned the merchandising trade from his father. His father was also the postmaster at Hudson for several years before traveling to St. Anthony, Minnesota (now Minneapolis). During the years there, William was a member of the territorial senate and helped to build the town of Anoka where he owned a large planning mill. At the outbreak of the Civil War, William Larned enlisted in the First Minnesota Volunteers (Infantry).

Horatio had been nine years old when the family moved to Anoka in 1854, was fond of outdoor life, and was always on the move—too active for his own good. He cared little for school work, but as a clerk at the traders' stores much later, one would not have guessed it for he was very apt at figures. From age twelve to seventeen Horatio was in school only half of the time. He herded cattle for two summers, and acted as a river driver for two more, sending logs downriver to the mills at Anoka. He drove a herd for a merchant from Anoka to Duluth (as it is now called) in 1856, so his trailing a herd for Mr. Galpin at Fort Rice three years later was not a new experience for him.

The fact that Horatio's wages at that time were $12 for six weeks of work might have taught him the value of money at an early age, but it certainly had nothing to do with his next experience of value. He enlisted in the First Minnesota Volunteers in September 1862, serving under General Pope and General Sibley both in Minnesota and the Dakota campaigns. He spent several months at Fort Abercrombie on the line between the two states, and went on expeditions up and down the Red River of the North.

When his regiment was mustered out October 31, 1863 at Fort Snelling, it was with great pleasure that Horatio received word from his father that they were joining Captain Fisk's immigrant train en route to Montana. He anticipated great adventure the farther west he could get.

Most of the rest of his life would be spent along the Missouri River at Indian reservations and trading stores belonging to fur companies.

Then, when the Northern Pacific built its tracks through the Territory of Dakota in 1872, Horatio knew the trading business was about over so he left for Michigan where he invested his savings of $3,200 in a merchandising endeavor. He later became a director of a bank in Michigan and continued in that occupation for three years. When he retired in 1921, after being president of the same bank for twenty-three years and living through a bad depression, he invested in real estate.

Somehow his heart still must have been in the Indian country along the Missouri, for he returned during his later years to visit all the old sites where he had been active so long before. His recollections have been given to the North Dakota State Historical Society for the use of future historians.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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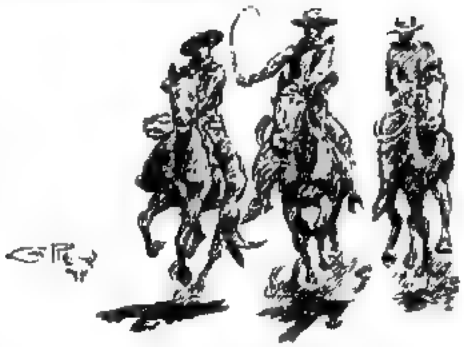

TEXAS-MY TEXAS!

This Bitterly Beautiful Land—A Texas Commonplace Book (Roger Beacham, Publisher, P. O. Box 8254, Austin, Texas 78712, $65.00, Texas residents add 5% sales tax) is far from common in appearance and content. It was conceived, designed and printed by William R. Holman of the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. He recruited some great helpers. Carl Hertzog, the El Paso master typographer, wrote the introduction and cleared up the use of the term "Commonplace Book" quite nicely while paying due tribute to Bill Holman; Al Lowman of the Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio selected the forty-one items that make up the text and this reviewer applauds his choices and Barbara Whitehead as the illustrator—her line drawings and woodcuts enhance the text. The book was printed by Holman on a hand press on handmade paper molded especially for it by the Inveresk Paper Mill in England—and each page is an adventure for the reader as it must have been for the designer-printer. Lowman chose a wide cross-section of writers, historians, travelers et al who have had their say on Texas—J. Frank Dobie is quoted four times and that seems appropriate as he was one of the most articulate of all Texans. Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston, Jim Gillett, J. Evetts Haley (twice), Roy Bedichek, Captain Richard King, Tom Lea, Davy Crockett, Big Foot Wallace and two Indians, Satanta and Ten Bears, are among the others quoted. It was in the John Houghton Allen quote on horses at Randado that Lowman (or Holman) found the very appropriate title for the book. It is a beautiful book, folio in size, and some day it will be considered a privilege to own one—there were only 275 copies printed. Strongly recommended for all Texas-Southwest buffs and collectors of fine printing everywhere.

The Story of Comanche Peak (Rev. Vance J. Maloney, 506 Hereford St., Glen Rose, Texas 76043, $3.75) is an admirable bit of local history. Your reviewer first saw this famed landmark in Hood County, Texas, over half a century ago and from time to time asked my friends in Granbury, Tolar and Thorp Springs about it—with quite unsatisfactory results. The author and publisher of this booklet was born just east of the Peak and grew up in its shadow—on retiring from the ministry he came back to his home country and has devoted much of his time to local historical research and writings. He has gathered the facts, lore and the legends about Comanche Peak, and some very good photos to enhance the text. My questions about Comanche Peak have been answered. Recommended.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Turbulent Taos (The Press of the Territorian, $1.50) by Den Galbraith is Volume 18 of the Santa Fe publisher's Western Americana Series. In 48 pages the author has packaged a compact history of Taos with nods to Kit Carson, Old Bill Williams, Jim Baker, Uncle Dick Wootton, Father Martinez, Clay Allison, Long John Dunn and many others who were short or long time residents. The art colony with Sharp, Blumenschein and Phillips as founders and followed by Couse, Ufer, Buck Dunton, Berninghaus and many others rates two pages—as well it might, as its artists have been one of Taos' biggest attractions for well over three-score years. A good summary, nicely printed and the price is right.

OKLAHOMA TREASURES

Oklahoma Treasures Lost and Found (Frontier Book Co., Fort Davis, Texas 79734, $3.50) by Jesse Rascoe is a different sort of an account of buried loot and hoarded gold cached by the owners. There is a lot of history recalled in its pages—particularly outlaw and Indian history pertinent to the subject. Rascoe does not promise that treasure will be found— he just tells about a number of "finds" and it is obvious that he believes there is more to be found. He disagrees with another writer who claimed that 59 of 60 Oklahoma treasure accounts were based on myths or legends and you feel that if the treasure isn't there, it should be!

GREAT CHURCH HISTORY

125 Years of Methodism in San Marcos (First United Methodist Church, P. O. Box 2490, San Marcos, Texas 78666, $1.14 in pic. wraps postpaid) is of such quality that few, if any, church histories will ever match it. Al Lowman of the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio but a long-time resident member wrote the book and was responsible for recruiting some expert help in producing the book. It was designed by William R. Holman of the Humanities Research Center of the University of Texas at Austin; E. M. "Buck" Schiwetz of Hunt did the cover drawing and Jose Cisneros of El Paso the two text drawings—Buck and Jose are two of Texas' best artist-illustrators. In addition there is a double-page reproduction of cartographer Augustus Koch's map, "Bird's Eye View of San Marcos in 1881." Lowman tells the story simply but well, with emphasis on the charter members, the founder and the notables who were members down through the years. A limited edition in cloth is now out of print. A must for local history, Texana, church history, Schiwetz and Cisneros collectors.

AFTER 200 YEARS

Luck, circumstance, fortune and fate were the combination responsible for the publication of *The Drawings of Ignacio Tirsch* (Dawson's Book Shop, $15.00) according to Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. who wrote the brief narrative accompanying the plates. Tirsch was a Jesuit Missionary in Baja California from early in 1762 until the expulsion of the Jesuits in February 1768—the 47 illustrations reproduced in the book were done during this period of service or on the ship enroute back to Spain. Fourteen of the plates are in color and were printed by the Prago Press, Prague, Czechoslovakia —in fact, it was the 1970 Prago Press Calendar that set off the chain reaction. Wilbur B. Smith, Special Collections, U.C.L.A. Library, lent a copy of the calendar to Glen Dawson and Glen took it from there, including a trip to Prague to arrange for official authorization to publish the portfolio—the original bound manuscript volume is in the State Library of the University of Prague. Nunis feels that Tirsch's portfolio may have been confiscated in 1773 at the time of the suppression of the Jesuits in what are today Czech lands. Tirsch had reached his home country via Belgium after the expulsion from Mexico and Spain. The publication of the drawings of one of Baja California's first illustrators is an event of note—900 copies were printed by Grant Dahlstrom at the Castle Press, Pasadena as Volume 27 in Dawson's Baja California Travel Series. Recommended.

CALIFORNIA OUTLAW

Trailing the California Bandit Tiburcio Vasquez, 1835-1875 was written, hand lettered, illustrated and published by F. Ralph Rambo. The attractive little volume may be ordered directly from the author at 1156 Santa Clara St., Santa Clara, Calif. 95050 for $2.00 postpaid. Vasquez was a successful stagecoach robber but not a good cow thief. On both occasions—ten years apart—that he turned cattle rustler he was caught and served terms in San Quentin. It was the robbery of Snyder's Store at Tres Pinos in 1873 when Vasquez and his gang killed three men that promoted the leader to the most wanted man in California, with a price of "$8000 Alive" and "$6000 Dead" on his head. He was wounded, captured, tried and executed in 1875 ending an outlaw career of some twenty years, including the time spent in San Quentin. Rambo has covered the high spots of Vasquez's notorious career entertainingly. Worth the money.

(Continued on page 50)

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After you read a few issues, you'll get to where you even treasure the flaws—a line left out, a typo here and there—all human failings by a man who lacked the capital to hire enough help and consequently had to do most of the work himself. Hunter drew his own covers, set his own type, ran them through the press, and mailed them. At 2 a.m. in a little western town with nobody still awake but a sleepy-eyed publisher and a coyote or two up on the hill, who wouldn't pick up the wrong piece of type once in a while—or forget to number a page!

—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 6)

a mine. They did not ask for any financial help but said that I could be of great aid in working with them to reopen the old mine.

I finally went along, and recall that we went through Nutria and Paradox, both in Colorado, and then on into Moab, Utah, where we spent a couple of nights. We made a couple of trips out to the mine and I think it might have been on the Colorado River; even went down into the drifts for a short way. They showed me some of the native copper that they said came from the mine, one piece being shaped like and as big as a small pork loin and appearing to be solid copper. There were a few other hunks that were about the size of a pancake.

From what they told me the mine had been operated long before World War I and then reopened during a part of World War II. Someone had done a great lot of digging up there and near the entrance they showed me where there had been some sort of smelter or some such thing to refine the ore. As I recall, it had been mined at three levels. There was some kind of legal involvement about ownership and they finally gave up as they couldn't get it cleared.

I wonder if anyone has ever heard of this old mine? I believe it was called the La Sal Mine, but am not sure. At one spot on the way to the mine one of the men pointed out a place that he called Robber's Roost, and mentioned Zane Gray having written about it.—Coleman Bennett, Town House, Apt. 806, 726 Cotton, Shreveport, Louisiana 71101

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 48)

MORE MOUNTAIN MEN

The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West (Clark, $14.50) is Volume IX in the excellent series having the editorial supervision of one of our best living historians, Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen. Volume IX includes the biographical sketches of such well-known mountain men as Touissaint Charbonneau, husband of Sacajawea; the Chouteaus; Caleb Greenwood; Edward Rose; William T. Hamilton; and George C. Yount. One of the charming things about the entire series to this reviewer has been the biographies of the numerous but until now practically unknown trappers and traders. Volume IX has its share. Some good portraits, a frontispiece by Alfred Jacob Miller, and notes by the editor and publisher enhance the handsome volume.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Mountain Sheep; A Study in Behavior and Evolution (University of Chicago Press, $14.50) by Valerius Geist is the newest addition to the Wildlife Behavior and Ecology Series. The book is the result of four years of field study of free-living mountain sheep in British Columbia, Alberta and the Yukon. The book is most interesting and contains many behavioral aspects of mountain sheep not previously reported on and of which the average person would be unaware. To biologists, sportsmen, or wildlife buffs the book will be an important library addition. Several aspects of behavior receive extraordinary attention. The homosexual tendencies of young rams as ob-

"If we worked as hard asawin' as we do startin' this thing, we'd have 10,000 acres cleared!"

served in Alberta is a case in point. Although documented with excellent photographs and observational notes, one can ask, "Are the mountain sheep in Banff National Park typical of a wild herd or are the sheep there semi-wild and overly influenced by people?" Another question in this reviewer's mind, based on readings of reports of early Western travelers of the mountain sheep on the Plains, is, "Are modern behavioral actions of some mountain sheep the result of a greatly contracted range and pressure on seasonal migratory habits or an evolution of the species over the years?" Some people knowledgeable about the Cassiar Mountain area judge the range to be some of the "finest . . . they have seen." The author described sheep populations as nearing extinction in the Cassiars, a presumption not shared with other first-hand observers. Because of the facts it presents, and the questions it raises, the book will focus attention on a magnificent Western resource, the mountain sheep. For these reasons, *Mountain Sheep* is a timely and important book.

INDIAN PICTORIAL

The Sioux of The Rosebud (University of Oklahoma Press, $12.50) with photographs by John A. Anderson and with text by Henry W. and Jean Tyree Hamilton is a history in photographs of the Brulé Sioux on the Rosebud Reservation. The triumph of the Sioux at the battle of the Little Big Horn was short-lived and the proud warriors were forced to "scratch the ground" for survival. From 1891 until 1948 when he died, John A. Anderson lived on the Rosebud recording the daily lives and activities of the Indians as they painfully adjusted to an agricultural existence. Anderson often gave his pictures to Indian friends. After the Hamiltons became aware of Anderson's photographs through the papers of Remington Schuyler, they undertook to collect, authenticate and label them with the help of the Indians. Anderson not only captured scenes which documented the ordinary chores of farming, ranching, and butchering, he showed much of the Rosebud landscape, many famous Indians, and photograped the unusual White Buffalo, Sun, and Omaha dance ceremonies. Anderson was the official photographer at the Crook Treaty Council held on May 4, 1889, and recorded other political, police and military groups. The Hamiltons have not only brought together the greatest single collection of Anderson photographs, but their painstaking captions and narrative form a remarkable history of the early "civilization" of the Brulé Sioux. The book is Volume III in the Civilization of The American Indian Series and is a must for any serious student of the American Indian.

TREASURES IN THE SAND

A rash of new treasure hunters have been prowling U. S. hill and seacoasts since the invention of metal detectors. The long slivers of sand known as Padre, Mustang, and Matagorda Islands along the Texas Gulf Coast from Galveston to the Rio Grande have been promising sites since the first Spanish galleons sank nearby in the 1550s, and later pirates hid their booty on the sandy shores. Those interested in this form of outdoor recreation should buy the new and enlarged edition of Dee Woods' book *Glaze of Gold* (Naylor, $8.95). Mrs. Woods tells many tales of buried treasures that remain somewhere under island dunes. Much of the book is about pirates, including Jean Lafitte, a rusty buccaneer who became seasick everytime he boarded a boat. The sandy island beaches are continually changing due to shifting gulf currents, hence pirates usually failed to find their buried loot because coastlines moved landward or seaward with every storm. Searchers occasionally find old coins and in 1935 one woman uncovered a jewel box containing diamonds, rubies and pearls of considerable value. The author ends her book with a chapter on Padre Island, which provides real opportunities for treasure hunters. During the big hurricane in 1847, dozens of ships foundered in the gulf off Padre. Many of their treasures still await lucky hunters.

RANGE LIFE

Jungle Cowboy, (Taplinger Publishing Co., $7.95) by Stanley E. Brock is a three-dimensional book covering cattle ranching, Indian life, and natural history of a 3,000-square-mile ranch and adjoining jungle along the Rupununi River in Guyana (British Guiana). The author became internationally known through his appearances on the award winning TV show, "Wild Kingdom," and now has his own series, "Animal Gazette." While the author is best identified with wild creatures, his account of open range ranching on the Rupununi savannahs in the 1950s and 60s may well become a classic item for cowboy and ranching buffs. Brock reached Guyana in 1953 as a runaway English schoolboy of seventeen. With fifty dollars in his pocket, he began a grueling but adventuresome life as cowboy, bronc buster, drover, and wildlife enthusiast. He rose to general manager of the ranch, overseeing the entire ranch operation, Indian *vaqueros*, and the delivery of cattle by drivers to Georgetown, 350 jungle miles away. Brock describes the operation as being similar to the West before the turn of the century—no fences, 30,000 longhorn cattle raised practically in a wild state, roundups, drives, swollen rivers, and all the rest. Brock's photographs of cattle, Indians and wildlife are superb. He gives a great deal of information on little-known tribes of the Guyana—Brazil borderland, how they live, trade, and behave in primitive conditions.

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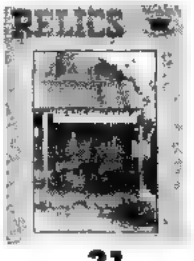
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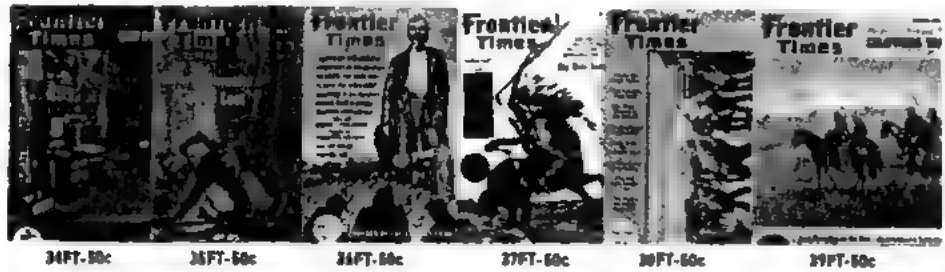

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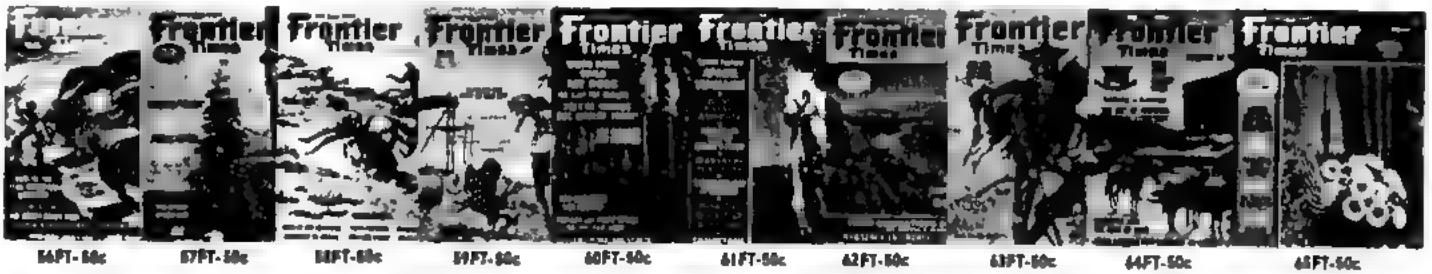

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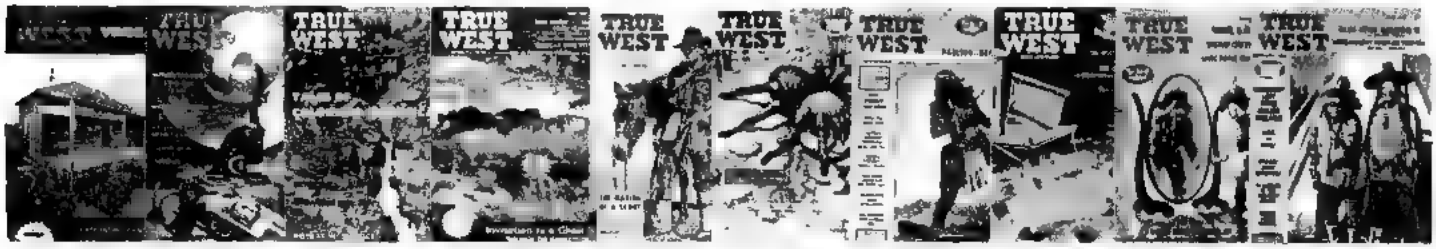

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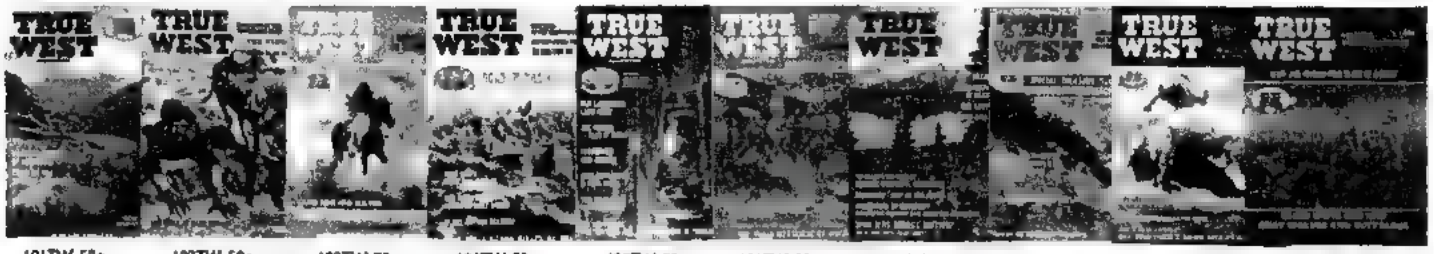

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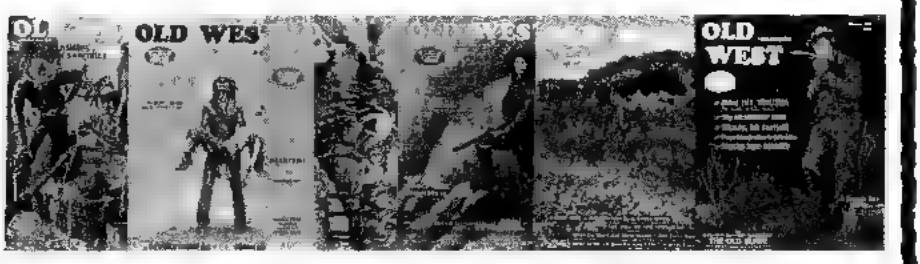

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Massacre!

(Continued from page 12)

miners hid in the bushes to kill Indians, but one mistaking the other for an Indian shot and killed his friend. The man killed was James Todey. The pastime of killing Indians is happily not always productive of pleasure."

A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* as late as 1865 wrote of an incredible instance of brutality. A man named Bob Hildreth was riding out of Ukiah one day when he met a man driving a wagon load of barley. Sitting next to the man was an Indian whom Hildreth claimed was his slave. After asking the Indian "where the hell he thought he was going," Hildreth screamed at him to get down off the wagon. Tying the Indian's hands behind him, Hildreth fastened the free end of the rope to his saddle horn and put spurs to his horse. The Indian was thrown eight or ten feet taking a hard fall, while screaming and begging for his life. The horse was excited and threw Hildreth off, then galloped wildly across the road and two ditches. "The Indian," noted the account "was terribly mangled, his arms being twisted off in his shoulders. So much for slavery in California."

The article went on to comment generally on the Indian slavery question "They are held here as slaves were held in the South; those owning them use them as they please, beat them with clubs and shoot them down like dogs and no one to say: 'Why do you do so?' James Shores, an Indian slaveholder here, shot one the other day because he would not stand and be whipped, inflicting a severe wound but not killing him. Hildreth is bound over in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance, but I have my doubts of finding a jury that will convict a man for killing an Indian up here."

As early as 1851 the seriousness of the Indian problem was clearly recognized. During that year three government agents toured California at the time of the Mariposa Indian War. Some eighteen treaties were negotiated with various tribes, awarding them grants of land and indemnities in the form of beef blankets and other supplies. The treaties were promptly rejected by the state legislature, but a reservation system was established under a new California Indian superintendent, Edward Beale.

In 1853 Beale launched the first Indian reservation in California at Tejon. He worked hard for the Indians and is generally credited with devising the reservation system which was adopted throughout the country. There was a flicker of hope for the Indian under Beale. With the protection of the military, and with supplies, schools and encouragement, the story might have been different. When Beale was dismissed as a victim of politics in 1854, hope for the Indian vanished.

Thomas J. Henley was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs in California in 1854. A worse choice would have been hard to make. He established four reservations, but his main rea-

for doing so seems to have been for personal gain. Henley sold Indian supplies and pocketed the money, letting his wards go hungry. He forced them to work for his white friends and allowed various types of white encroachment on the reservation. Worst of all, Henley once admitted to personally killing an Indian captive merely because "he looked like a bad Indian." After an investigation by J. Ross Browne, Henley was discharged, but by then he was a rich man.

The reservation system was virtually abandoned in 1859, though small reserves were still allowed the red man. Even on the reservation, however, it has been estimated that at various periods, between two and three hundred Indians a month died of starvation, disease or violence.

CURIOUSLY, the army often found itself in the position of protecting the Indians from the settlers. In an official report dated July 26, 1852, Major G. W. Patton, commanding Fort Miller in the San Joaquin Valley wrote, "The tribes in the vicinity of Fort Miller are in an unsettled condition owing on one hand to the expedition of Lieutenant Moore into the mountains and on the other side to the recent, and *unprovoked* attack of certain citizens under the command of Major Harvey upon the peaceful *rancherias* upon Kings River. At the time of the attack, their chief, Shasta, with his people (braves) was employed at the plantation of Major Savage, building him an adobe house. . . . At present they demand the arrest of the murderers of their innocent people. . . ."

In Mendocino County local army officials incurred the wrath of the citizens when they wouldn't abet the slaughter of Indians. When one Indian-killing posse asked for help from Major Edward Johnson, Johnson told the leader that he hoped the Indians would kill him."

The rapidity of destruction among the Indians was noted by many early observers. Captain Erasmus D. Keyes had commanded an infantry detachment at the time the Indian treaties were signed in 1851. The meeting took place on the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, near the present town of Fresno. A wooden blockhouse had been constructed and named Camp Barbour after one of the commissioners. Some 1,200 Indians were assembled, "many of whom," wrote Keyes later, "had never seen a white man till they came to treat with us. I was impressed with the appearance of several chiefs and remembered the general aspect of all. . . While they amused themselves with football and rough sports."

Some years later, in 1858, Keyes revisited the site which was now an army post named Fort Miller. He asked about the Indians of the area and was told that they were nearly all dead, victims to drunkeness, and that of the whole number I saw in such full activity not above forty remained."

In the 1930s one of the last survivors of this Yokuts Indian group told the latter story of his people. He told how soldiers had forced the Indians to build the wooden blockhouse at Camp Barbour. "Sometimes Indians don't want work. Soldiers make 'em work. . .whip Indians on back. They whip, whip, whip. Two three Indians die—whip 'em too much . . . .

"Then white man come. . .mine gold in river. They shoot Indians. Soldiers put Indians in jail; they whip Indians. . . . They take Indians by tree over river. They hang 'em there; they cut rope and dead Indian fell in river. . . .

"Pretty soon white soldiers all go away. . .they [Indians] glad. They dance. They sing. Not many Indians left. Lots Indians die whiskey; lots Indians die bad white man sickness. Just few Indians left. . . ."

From San Diego to the Oregon border, the Indian fought back during the bloody 1850s. He died if he stayed in the mountains, for the white man took away his food. If he stole the white man's beef, he would die for that. If he came into the reservations, disease or starvation would kill him there. Meanwhile his women were ravished, his children kidnapped and his land taken from him. A decade of slaughter was rapidly developing into genocide.

By 1858 much of California was "safe" from the Indian. In the northern part, however, the bloody work was just getting underway since this part of the state was slower in acquiring settlers. Dryden Lacock, an early rancher in Mendocino County, testified that Indian-killing expeditions had begun shortly after the arrival of the first settlers in 1856. "These expeditions," said Lacock, "were formed by gathering together a few white men whenever the Indian committed depredations on their stock; there were so many expeditions that I cannot recollect the number; the result was that we would kill, on the average, fifty or sixty Indians on a trip, and take some prisoners, which we always took to the reservation."

An army officer stationed at one of the Mendocino Indian reserves reported that he believed it to be "the settled determination of many of the inhabitants to exterminate or collect them on the reservation and several hundred are now there, but they have a great aversion to coming in, doubtless owing in a great measure to the mortality at this time prevailing among them. Some eight or ten per day had died some days previous to my leaving the valley. This mortality is attributed to a change of diet, scarcity of food, and the great prevalence of syphilitic disease among them."

A POSSE of whites attacked a village of Yukis whom they merely suspected of stealing some missing stock. Some forty of the Indians were massacred. On New Years Day in 1858 a group of drunken ranchers went from farm to farm where Indians were being used as labor. They dragged the Indians from their homes and killed some forty or fifty of them. Again, on the mere suspicion of killing stock, twenty Indians were reported slain on one reservation and sixty on another. The Indians retaliated by killing several whites and destroying some of the livestock. The ranchers on the other hand blamed the Indians for

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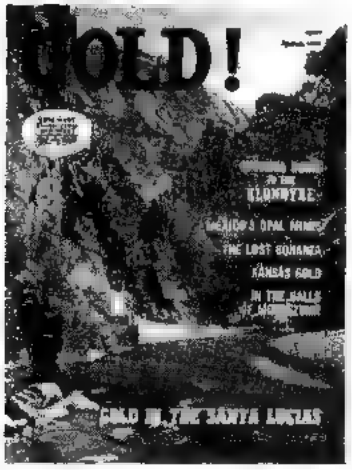

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every head of stock that was stolen, had strayed, or had died of natural causes.

At the behest of several of the larger ranchers of the area, a local militia unit was organized, calling themselves the Eel River Rangers. The group was authorized and paid by the state. The rangers operated for a five-month period during late 1859, and in a letter to the governor the leader claimed to have killed 283 male Indians.

Although the rangers were the only authorized unit in the field at the time, local posses were scouring the country for Indians. A group of forty men under a Captain Farley later reported that they "killed one hundred and fifty or two hundred Indians. . . ." The Indian agent at the Round Valley reservation testified that he supposed that "during the past three and a half years five hundred Indians have been killed in the vicinity of Round Valley." This was just one small area of Mendocino County. A pioneer of the area, writing in 1887, noted that from patient inquiry among older Indians it was determined that some 12,000 natives lived in the vicinity of Round Valley at the time of the first white arrivals. Barely 400 remained by 1874.

February 25, 1860 marked the terrible climax to the bloody decade of the 1850s. On an island in Humboldt Bay, opposite the town of Eureka, was an Indian *rancheria*. It was called Indian Island and at this particular time natives from all the surrounding area had come to the island for a celebration. To some it must have seemed as if the Great Spirit had brought back the old days.

A secret organization had been formed in Mendocino County—an organization which considered the Indians a menace to white society. Tradition has it that members of the group weren't riff-raff or criminal elements, but community leaders and family men. They decided that the ceremonies being conducted on Indian Island signaled a time for action, and the night of February 25 was selected for the job.

There was a collection of individual huts on the island, as well as several large lodges where the singing and dancing took place. After the exhausted Indians had retired for the night, a group of boats silently eased onto the island. Men jumped quickly to the sandy beach and then fanned out toward the dwellings. They were white men and in their hands were clubs, axes and knives—weapons of silence and murder. As they disappeared into the huts there erupted a steadily growing chorus of cries and screams. People were running in all directions, Indians trying to escape and white men trying to kill them. In perhaps half an hour the deed was done and the attackers jumped into their boats and were gone.

It was discovered the next day that two other Indian villages had been struck simultaneously with the assault on the island. There were various estimates of casualties, but it's certain that nearly 300 Indian men, women and children were slaughtered in the three attacks. Sporadic fighting continued through the next few years in Mendocino County, but the Indians had been so weakened there was little for the army to do.

TO the east the Yahi, or Mill Creek Indians, were also fighting for survival. Knowing full well the price they must eventually pay, the Yahi had fought back all through the grim 1850s. By 1859 they had become so troublesome that a purse of $3,000 was raised by the local settlers to finance the extermination of the Mill Creeks. Posses, or Home Guards as they were called, were immediately organized with Robert Anderson and Hiram Good as leaders. In the next few years they made many forays and exacted a heavy toll.

The final slaughter of the Yahi took place in the closing months of 1864. Two heavily armed posses scoured the hills and valleys killing every Indian they could find. Indian workers were shot as they toiled in the fields. A young Indian girl, her aunt and her uncle were literally dragged from a white settler's house where they were employed. All three were shot, the girl receiving eleven shots in the chest.

Twenty Indians were killed at the small settlement of Cottonwood, while some three hundred were murdered as they attended an autumn festival. By December 1864 nearly two thousand had fallen in the brief span of five months. With the exception of a few terrified stragglers back in the mountains, the Yahi had been doomed to extinction as a tribe.

In the south the same bloody work was being carried on. In the Owens Valley country some forty Indians were massacred at a *rancheria* in January 1863. The following month over one hundred were killed or driven into Owens Lake where they perished.

To the west a large band was camped near the mining camp of Keyesville in the Kern River Valley. They were surrounded by a company of the Second California Cavalry who suspected them of being implicated in the Owens Valley trouble. Local chiefs were told to pick out their own people, and some thirty-five Indians were herded to one side. They were then "either shot or sabered," according to the official army report. When the army could engage in such cruel killing sprees there was little hope in restraining the settlers. But by 1865 the job had been done. Of a reported 175,000 Indians in California in 1849, only 20,000 remained by the end of the Civil War.

Decimated by disease, starvation and brutality, the survivors were too weak to do anything but give in to the ever-encroaching whites. There were a few brief flurries of resistance, notably the Modoc War in 1873, but for the most part the Indians watched helplessly. By 1900 many of the smaller Indian groups had literally ceased to exist.

Franklin Buck, a gold miner writing from Weaverville in 1852, noted that "poor Indians have been treated with great cruelty, I always thought, by our forefathers at home, but they have been killed off in this state like some wild animals, without the slightest cause and driven to actual starvation. . . ." Buck underscored what has since become

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historical fact—that in California the Indians were treated with a heartless brutality unequaled in United States history.

WHY? The answer lay partly in geography, since the state was so far from supervising authority as represented by the federal government. Too, the prevailing thought of the time was that Indians were savages who were of little moment and who must somehow be shunted aside in the forward thrust westward. Put these two reasons together and mix well with a gold-and land-hungry, ever-growing population and the result is bloody and predictable.

Human nature also enters into the picture. California settlers were for the most part womanless in a strange land. There was little to restrain them; all of their worst instincts could be brought into play with but slight chance of being rebuked by anyone in any way. These early settlers can perhaps be compared to the hated, loud-mouthed tourist traveling abroad. He might be a real Milquetoast type at home, but among the inferior (to him) foreigners he is a big man.

Although many atrocities were committed by irresponsible and criminal types—the riff-raff of any frontier population—a great deal of the slaughter was accomplished by settlers who felt they were doing no more than protecting their homes and loved ones.

A. G. Tassin, writing in 1887, spoke knowingly of the Indian killers of the 1860s. "One of these very Indian fighters is now sitting before me," he wrote. "I have been acquainted with him for years, and I know him to be a good, kind-hearted man, and the idol of the little curly heads who cluster at his knees. He does not look at all as I imagined a murderer would look . . . and yet he has just been telling me, with a slight, satisfied smile playing over his lips as he spoke, how he once hanged an Indian and again how he cut the throat of another. . . ."

Even Robert Anderson, who led many deadly charges against the Yahi, fully realized the inequities of the Indian position. "It is but just," he recalled in later years, "that I should mention the circumstances which raised the hand of the Mill Creeks against the whites. As in almost every similar instance in American history, the first act of injustice, the first spilling of blood, must be laid at the white man's door." At the same time Anderson firmly believed that the only solution to the Indian problem was their extermination.

There is ample evidence in the writing of learned men of the nineteenth century that they subscribed to the theory that the Indian was a doomed race of aboriginals who had served its purpose in life's great plan and was destined now to extinction. Even Charles Darwin credited this theory of inevitable destruction of primitive peoples.

A resident of San Juan Bautista, who had lived all through the bloody 1850s and '60s expressed the plight of the Indian much more concisely. "These Indians are today about extinct. Is it not strange that where these simple people come into contact with our so-called civilization they gradually disappear?"

In view of such savage treatment of the tribes, the really strange aspect of our history is that any of them have survived at all.

"OK he's cut off boys. Now shoot him. shoot him!"

Kit

(Continued from page 26)

for a family of ten. She made everything except our hosiery and the men's pants. She made all the boys' jeans until they were nearly grown. Every fall she went to the nearest town and bought bolts of denim, cotton flannel, cotton checks for the men's work shirts, white goods for dress shirts, and yards and yards of calico for dresses. The scraps were saved when she cut out a garment, and used to piece quilts. Mama never wasted anything. She said a clean rag could always be used, but a dirty rag was worthless. With her homemade soap and rub board she managed to keep our "rags," that we used for clothes, clean and ironed.

One day she washed and ironed thirteen sunbonnets. This was a very hard task, as she starched them with cold starch and ironed them while wet. The starch would stick to the hot iron and she would have to scour it with sand. She ironed outside a lot as it was cooler there, and a bed of coals usually remained around the wash pot after the washing was done. More oak wood was added, and the irons heated up in a hurry. When one cooled it was changed for another. We used a thick pad around the handle, but burned fingers were com-

Mama wore dresses that almost touched

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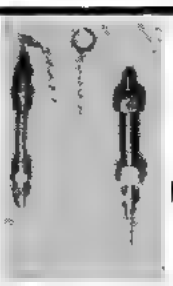

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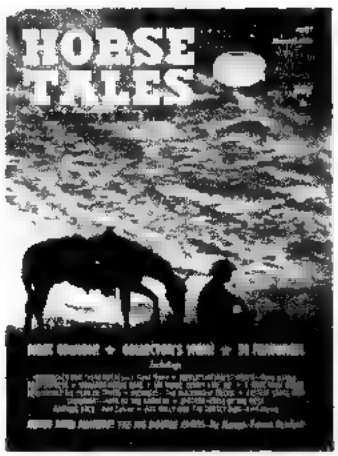

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the ground. She liked black, but Papa didn't, so she compromised and wore black and white calico. The necks were always high and sleeves came to her wrists. She had an ancient spun-gold brooch, an heirloom from her mother's family. It was the only jewelry she ever wore. She had no wedding ring.

Mama pulled her pretty black hair back from her face and twisted it into a knot at the back of her head, confining it there with one long hairpin. I never saw her with her hair stringing around her face, and her petticoats never showed. She always wore two, and on Sundays she wore three. Mama made her slips with a tight basque ("tight body," she called it) which opened down the front with dozens of hooks and eyes. I never knew her to wear a corset or bustle.

Mama loved to have company, and loved to visit. Papa was the other way. Once, when I was about seven, my older brother Will, who had been batching a couple of miles from us, decided to move back home. He had left his chickens until night to move. About sundown he hitched the horses to a wagon and prepared to go for them. My older sister Mae and a friend who was visiting us went along. Mama wanted to go, too, and while Papa didn't object and even offered to do the milking and keep us three smaller children with him, he didn't like it. I could tell, young as I was. When the wagon pulled away, Mama was sitting in back with her feet hanging out and she was laughing and joking with the young people.

They had got up the road a way before the baby, Gilbert, saw them. He ran after the wagon, squalling as loud as he could. Papa was sitting in the yard talking to a neighbor man. He just sat there and made no effort to call the baby back. Gib followed on and finally stumbled and fell in the dirt, still screaming. So Mama got out and came back, picked him up, and carried him into the house. She filled the wash basin with water and washed and put him in bed, then she took the milk pails and went to the cow lot. It was nearly dark, but I could see the tears running down her cheeks.

MAMA's sewing machine was an old one she had bought second-hand. It had a long bobbin which did not hold much thread and she had to stop and fill it often. It was a treadle machine.

When I was eleven a sewing machine peddler came along. We were always glad to see anyone coming by, even peddlers. He was selling Rotary White machines. I don't remember the price, but he took Mama's old model as a down payment and she signed a note for the balance of $24.00 to be paid in one year. Mama was the happiest I ever saw her and the next fall she had sold enough hens to pay the debt. I think hens were selling for fifty cents apiece then.

The new machine had a round robbin and five drawers. It was so shiny and new, and ran almost silently. I remember the dozens of dresses she sewed for us four girls. I once heard Papa tell her that she was a genius and I truly believe she was. Bias tape was unknown to her. She cut her own, sewed the strips together and pressed them. About all the trimming she ever had was the bias strips which she called piping. She used ruffles too, and worked all the buttonholes by hand. Mama didn't sew with patterns; we would tell her how we wanted a dress made and show her a picture of it in the catalogue and she could make it exactly the same.

One fall when I was about ten years old we began to wonder if we would have any Christmas at all. The crops had failed that year, and Papa picked barely enough cotton to pay the interest on the mortgage that the bank held on our farm. There was no sale for feed stuff, even if we had raised a surplus, which we hadn't. So Mama put her regular chores aside and began to experiment with cloth scraps and bottles. Somewhere she had seen a beautiful smooth container turned upside down over a pretty bunch of artificial flowers, and mounted on a velvet base or bowl. A little red bird was perched among the flowers. Mama gathered her scanty materials together. They amounted to almost nothing and a less determined soul would have given up in despair. But not Mama. There were six of us smaller ones already asking what we were going to get for Christmas.

We had only two clear glass jugs, gallon-size. Mama wrapped several strands of coarse twine around them near the neck and saturated it with coal oil, then lit the twine with a match. It burned and heated the glass until it cracked in a somewhat straight line, removing the neck and upper part of the jug. This made the container or hood, and although it had a flat top instead of a rounded one, it was pretty and clear. Then with pasteboard and scraps of velvet, the bowl was made. She had no glue so the pasteboard was sewn together by hand, also the velvet. Next, a bouquet was fashioned of bright colored silk scraps and wire and fastened to the bottom of the pasteboard and velvet bowl. The glass jar was fitted over it.

We gathered all the quart bottles we could find and Mama used them in the same way with smaller bouquets. They made beautiful ornaments to set on tables or mantles, even without the little red birds. And people had very few such ornaments in those days. The price was on the big one was one dollar; fifty cents for the smaller ones. Mama took them to the general store in the nearest town and they were all sold but one. She gave that one to a crippled girl in our community. Mama had six dollars to spend for Christmas from her ornaments.

Her favorite dress wear was a black skirt, long enough to touch the floor, and a white shirtwaist with cuffs and high neck and collar. It was like a man's shirt except it had no pocket, and women either wore a brooch at the neck or a black bow tie. Some women wore skirts that dragged an inch in the back for it was unladylike to show one's ankles.

The last bustle in our family was one Mama made for my older sister in 1900. Mae was thirteen and was going to a country wedding near us. This was a very special affair, and Mae felt very grown up and wanted to be in style. Mama made her a bustle, "just a small one," she said, "for you don't want to look conspicuous."

The wedding took place and food was

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piled high on a long table in the kitchen. The table was covered with a white linen tablecloth, and everyone marveled when Mama furnished a dish of butter that had been put through a sieve and fashioned into a big flower. It was beautiful.

MAMA never had enough money to clothe us properly, and garments were passed down from one to another. She took the backs of her skirts when the fronts were worn through and made dresses for the babies. The backs of worn-out shirts were made into aprons, which she always wore while cooking or washing.

When the twins (her last two children) were born, she had expected only one. It caused quite a crisis. Two of our neighbors came and sewed all day making dresses and petticoats from scraps and cast-off garments. In a few days Mama was up helping with the work.

We girls washed clothing every day. The big black iron wash pot, the tubs and washboard were kept near the water barrels in the yard. Papa hauled all the water we used as we had no well. We hung the wet clothes on the bushes and the corral fence. Our family never had a clothes line or clothespins—they were luxuries.

The last time Mama ever saw her mother was in 1905, several months before the twins were born. She got a letter from her brother Ed, who said Grandma was very sick. She was living in Burnet County with Uncle Ed and we were in Callahan County many miles west. It seemed like a long distance to us, and there was no transportation except the train. As usual, we had no money. Papa didn't want Mama to go, and made no effort to get the necessary funds.

My brother Will was working away from home at the time, but Mama got word to him someway. He came home at once, borrowed a two-horse buggy, and provided money for Mama's ticket, and drove her and the two youngest children to Coleman where they could catch a train. After they left the house, Papa told us kids that Mama would never return alive. It made us feel so awful we began to cry. Mae then took us back in the house and told us it wasn't so, that Papa was just mad because Mama left. But pessimist as he was, I really think he believed it.

Mae and Will were our mentors and friends in time of need. They were strong and capable and determined to do right, and refused to be swayed by other people's opinions. Both were devoted to Mama, who spent two weeks with her mother and helped nurse her. She returned safely, of course.

It was only a few weeks later that the letter edged in black came. It was the custom at that time to use the death message envelopes instead of telegrams which were very expensive and could not be delivered to us anyway, as we were forty miles from the nearest railroad station. The nearest telephone was twenty miles away.

Mama was sitting at her sewing machine. She read the letter and wept. She said she had known she'd never see her mother again when she left her a few weeks earlier. "But," she said, "Ma was ready and had lived a long, full life." So Mama grieved in silence and carried on with the many chores and drudgery that filled every day of her life.

SHE was happiest when helping someone. Most farm women didn't have sewing machines, so Mama invited our neighbors to use hers, and very often she also cut out their garments and sewed them.

A rancher by the name of Ellis owned three small farms across the road from us, and nearly every year young couples, just married, rented these farms. The young wives brought their calico to Mama and she showed them how to make their dresses—and a little later, inevitably, layettes for their firstborn.

One fall a young couple with two babies put up a tent across the creek from our house and moved into it. They were waiting for the cotton to open, they said, so they could hire out and pick. We could see their campfire from our front porch. One night my sisters and I visited them, as we did everyone who camped or moved anywhere near us.

Poor as we were, we had never seen such dire poverty. A pile of dirty bedding lay in one corner, and some apple boxes served as table and chairs. One of the babies was sick and all they had to feed it was cornpone and salt pork.

When we told Mama about them she said, "We will send some milk and eggs." The next morning two of us girls took them a gallon of milk and a dozen eggs. We kept this up the four months they lived near us.

After these people moved into one of the little houses in the neighborhood, we soon learned that the man would rather live on the hens and canned fruit of the neighbors than work for a living. It wasn't long until they moved on, and we heard that someone had asked them to leave. A pile of chicken feathers and many empty fruit jars were found behind their house. Mama knew that fruit had been disappearing from our cellar, but she just laughed and said, "Well, I'm sure they needed it worse than we do."

I guess Kit was part gypsy. She looked it, all right, with her olive complexion and long black hair. She was always happy when we were moving—and we did a lot of moving, finally ending up on the plains of West Texas, where Papa died leaving her almost nothing. But she invested the $1,500—his estate—and made a profit. She was a good manager.

Three years after my father's death my two oldest brothers died, leaving families. Mama was never the same after that. She gave up her quilting and sewing and went to the fields with her younger boys. She said here memories overwhelmed her and she felt better out in the open.

She kept pictures of Papa and her lost sons tucked away in a clothes closet and took them out every day and looked at them. Then her house burned down, and she didn't have even that consolation.

Mama lived twenty years after Papa died, but I never saw her smile again. This once lovely girl and beautiful woman weathered the storms of life for seventy-one years. The good things she did, and the things she taught her children, are living on in us and our children. She taught us to be kind to animals, and

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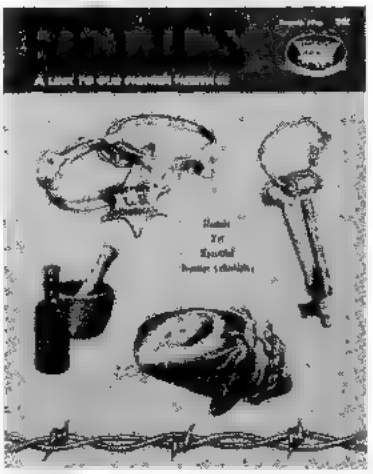

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never turn a deaf ear to the needy and underdog. She always said, "Put yourself in their place." Her religion was the Golden Rule and what religion is better? Kit left a great void in our lives when she passed away on September 6, 1935.

Warrior's Witches

(Continued from page 18)

special garments for ceremonial costumes.

On May 1, 1883 General Crook led an assault force of 1,500 cavalrymen into Mexico on the trail of Geronimo and his thousand warriors, including their families, who had jumped the reservations. The expedition was guided by 200 Apache scouts, headed by Al Sieber, Tom Horn, Mickey Free and, among others, Dutchy. Judging by past experience, this expedition could last a year, even longer. The scouts' wives had no cause for rejoicing.

Before long a different wave of discontent spread over the stay-at-home Indians. Natural signs pointed to an abnormally dry and hot summer; in early spring there was barely enough moisture in the soil to sprout seed. One scout had made the remark that at Fort Apache the land was much better and the Indians there had no trouble raising good crops. The idea spread and in a short time a dozen San Carlos families were packing up to head north to cool Fort Apache to take up land.

The idea became a mania for Mushy; and Juana, never adverse to improving her lot in life as well as helping others, packed up her little son Willy and rode north with Mushy and the others. Knowing Mickey would not be back from Mexico for a long time, she looked forward to a refreshing summer in the White Mountains beyond the Black River. Or so Juana thought.

At Fort Apache Mushy applied for and was allotted a choice place in the Canyon Day district. Juana pitched in and helped her get settled. Juana then scouted around and found a grassy twenty-acre meadow near Kinishba. She staked it out and on July 10, 1883 it was assigned to her, although she had no intention of settling on it that year.

The land rush soon developed into a full-blown embroilment due to land office mistakes and encroachment by claim jumpers. The military office at Fort Apache had a contingent of Mexican laborers hired for a large building project and it was one of these Cholo families who tried to pre-empt Juana's claim on the meadow. Before anybody got killed, the military office certified Juana's claim. Some of the others from San Carlos encountered similar difficulties, and before they could get settled it was too late to plant a crop for that year. Mushy felt discouraged. She and Juana packed up and moved back to their old location in San Carlos.

THREE WINTERS passed, and Cook's army, having returned many of the *Netdahe*, had gone back into Mexico for a final campaign. Some of the scouts had managed to come home on furlough. Finally the news came that Geronimo had surrendered and all the Wild Ones had been banished to Florida. This was good news to stay-at-homes on the three reservations—the trouble-making Chiricahui were "good riddance."

The awful fact was then revealed that many loyal Apache scouts—who had done hazardous work for the military in tracking down the hundreds of *Netdahe*—had also been railroaded to Florida and imprisoned there with their enemies. Dutchy was one of the unfortunate scouts betrayed by the army. Shocked by this treachery, rebellious from the unjust imprisonment which robbed him of his freedom, Dutchy managed to escape, but was soon caught and placed in solitary confinement at Fort Pickens. Utterly despondent, he hanged himself by his belt from the cell ceiling.

Bad news traveled fast; back at San Carlos Mushy painted her face black and grieved. So did the women of other betrayed scouts. Now, more than ever, Mushy realized that there was no such thing as justice where White Eyes were concerned.

After several years, except for periodic moments of irrational behavior, Mushy seemed to have accepted her fate. Then, abruptly, Mushy was again publicly accused of being a witch. Everyone knew that her husband Dutchy, a staunch scout and favorite of General Crook, had been railroaded to Florida by some Johnny-come-lately general (Miles). They also knew that he had killed himself rather than suffer the ignominy of solitary confinement in a prison. But to *hang* himself (a mortal sin in Apache culture) he must have been under a spell, and only Mushy could have so degraded him.

Some of the Indians understood her grief and grieved with her, but none could understand why she had the shaman tattoo on her breast the image of a warrior being hanged by the neck while a White Eyes general stood by with a cocked gun. Thinking back, kinfolk recalled Mushy had created some *tont* image every winter soltice since Dutchy's death in 1886; this was 1890, so why the unusual fanatical expression of sorrow? Mushy explained her purpose was to prove that white men always had a cocked gun aimed at the Indian's head and that they would either shoot the Indian or put him in jail and hang him. Her message was dramatized across her ample breast, which she kept bared so all could see. Even in this cold weather she kept her breast uncovered. She commemorate the tragedy every year. It was a sin against *Ihid-nan* (God).

Juana Free took up Mushy's cause at her request the shaman called a general council meeting. The clans gathered and Juana explained that the tattoo was sacred or else the shaman would not have done it; now it was in the "tating" phase and therefore very swollen and painful and hot with fever, which was the reason Mushy went bare breasted so it could cool off quicker and not be rubbed raw by clothes which might cause more irritation. Most of the council elders began to nod and seemed willing to forget it even before

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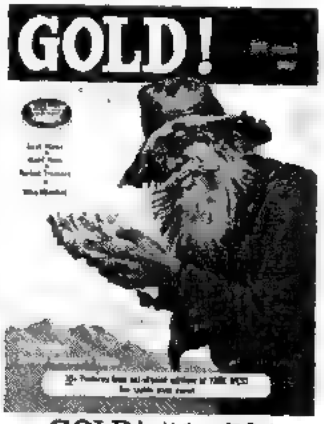
GOLD! BACK ISSUES!

"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it everytime he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."

—Joseph Conrad



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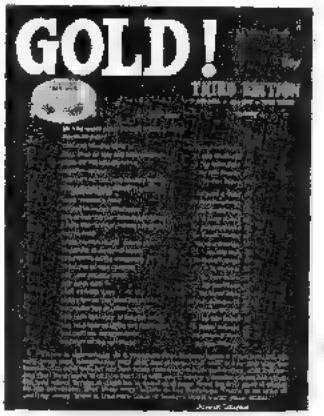

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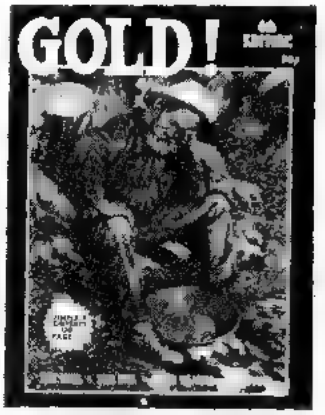

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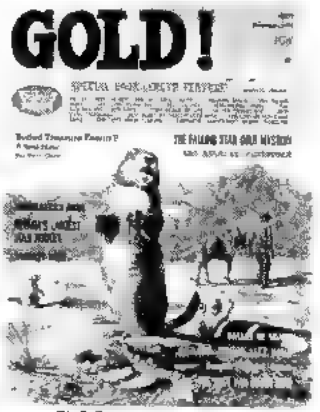

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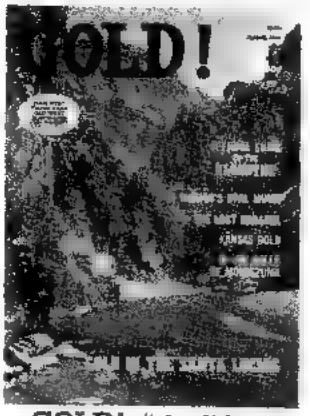

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te was taken. Only a group of about dozen old crones held out. Mushy was witch, they maintained.

N THE END the council voted that Mushy was a witch, a mortal sinner, d that if stripped they would find she as tattooed all over by the Evil Ones om the Spirit World. Mushy panicked d started to run.

Due to her weight she was not overly et. A group of teen-agers, urged on shrill old women, caught her and nbled her to the snow-covered ground d held her down, screaming impreca-ns. Juana, knowing that Mushy had other tattooes except for a tribal rk, also knew what to do about this —if she had time. She and Mushy ays had a batch of tannin and lye, ng with sumac and aromatic gall-od, on hand in their tanning shed for bleaching of hides and furs. And h women knew the havoc these acids ld cause on human skin when not dled properly.

uana's plan would disfigure Mushy life, but it would save her from the , now irrational with the imaginary ad of witchcraft. Juana ran to the tanning shed, mixed some gallwood, lye and tannin in a pail, and ran back with it. A crowd of about one hundred had gathered and had a pitfire blazing. Mushy, still struggling, was being held on her hands and knees while the mob surged around and argued about what to do. Juana forced her way through to Mushy and placed the pail of fluid on the fire. While it was warming, Juana earnestly addressed the people. She did not denounce or rebuke anybody, she just reminded them of how some women feel and act toward the one man in their lives.

Mushy caught on to what Juana was up to, and without being told began to rub handfuls of snow on her inflamed breast. When Juana decided the caustic mixture was warm enough she gave Mushy the nod. Mushy promptly flopped herself flat out on her back. Wearing a rawhide glove, Juana picked the saturated pumicestone out of the mixture pail and rubbed it vigorously over Mushy's cold breast. Mushy gritted her teeth.

Juana soaked and rubbed the tattooed area until it gave off that pungent aromatic odor of a deerskin getting the flensing treatment. It meant the acid had done its work and the tattooed human epidermis would peel off like an animal hide. Juana then threw the glove into the fire, scooped up a double handful of snow, and placed it on the tortured breast. Mushy stirred and sat up—even smiled a little.

Juana deftly applied a generous smear of bear grease. With luck and time the breast would heal over and show only a wide scar. The crowd understood and dispersed.

Within two weeks the partnership of Mushy and Juana was back in full production. Regardless of work or weather Mushy from then on wore a full dress from her chin to her moccasins. The tattoo had disappeared along with the witchcraft craze, and she lived to a grand old age and was buried at San Carlos in 1928.

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Gold of the Coquihalla

(Continued from page 15)

out twenty small nuggets before we gave up and started panning out the dirt.

The pan yielded smaller pieces of gold, but even these could be picked up without the aid of tweezers. After this much success, carrying the gear back up to the camper on the road wasn't half as hard as when we'd lugged it all down.

The Coquihalla River has felt the tread of the prospector for a hundred years. Some were successful in their quest for the yellow metal, while others failed. The surrounding country is rugged and strange. We had been in a relatively accessible area; yet, because of the equipment necessary to make our venture pay off, we found the terrain extremely difficult.

Does a glory hole really lie at the bottom of the cleft in the cliff? Time, money, and a lot of hard work would provide an answer to that question. Jim and I removed a portion of the gold of the Coquihalla just a short ten feet from where I believe an awful lot of river gold has finally come to rest.

Fair Play Meant a Hanging

(Continued from page 21)

would allow Hoover to withdraw his plea of "not guilty" to the murder charge and in its place submit a plea of "guilty to the charge of manslaughter."

Bartley continued to read: "It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the Court that the said defendant, John J. Hoover, be taken by the Sheriff of this County from the bar of this Court to the common jail of this County and from thence with all convenient speed to the Penitentiary of this State at Cañon City there to be confined by the warden or keeper of said Pemtentiary in safe and secure custody by the said warden or keeper for and during the term of eight years at hard labor." Sheriff Iflinger immediately herded Hoover out of the courtroom and down the stairs to his basement cell.

But the stunned crowd wouldn't disperse so easily. The town's rougher citizens, bent upon what they believed would be a sure hanging, grumbled among themselves and shouted openly that they thought justice had not been served. There were rumors that the judge and district attorney were in on a "scheme" to get Hoover safely behind prison bars until his one-time friend, H. A. W. Tabor, could secure his release.

Hoover had known Tabor when both had been looking for gold back in Buckskin Gulch. Tabor had since moved to Oro City (later to be called Leadville) where he struck it rich, became the mayor and Lake County treasurer, and was by far the most influential man in the area.

AT ABOUT 3 a.m. on the day following Hoover's trial, Sheriff Iflinger said he, his wife, and their child were awakened by men pounding at his door.

They were shouting for Iflinger to "Open up!" and the sheriff had his wife comply. A crowd of masked men burst through and "surrounded me, and used me pretty roughly and pointed a six-shooter at me," the sheriff later told a coroner's jury.

The men demanded the jail keys and when Sheriff Iflinger refused they searched his house until they found them. They shoved the sheriff out the door ahead of them after first taking his weapons. The unarmed Iflinger was left near Vestal House, another hotel, while the mob proceeded to the courthouse.

Deputies Walter Taylor and James W. Beach were on duty that night. When they opened the door of the sheriff's office to see what the commotion outside was about, they too were quickly overwhelmed and disarmed. Like Sheriff Iflinger, they later said they could recognize none of the men because of the masks, but estimated there were about fifteen of them. The vigilantes apparently had pebbles in their mouths to alter the sound of their voices.

When the mob demanded the keys to the jail door, the two guards replied they didn't have such keys. So the crowd broke the door down and opened Hoover's cell with the keys from Iflinger's house. Hoover vainly shouted through his cell window for help but his shouts were either unheard or unheeded.

Cicero C. Simms of the Alma mining camp was in another cell and the mob shouted to him that it was "too bad you can't join Hoover's party." They assured Simms they'd return for him the next night.

In stocking feet, Hoover was shoved up the stairs to the second floor of the courthouse where his 200 pounds were hurled through a window above the main courthouse door. The rope looped around Hoover's neck and tied to a stair banister left the killer's feet dangling several feet above the steps.

Taylor and Beach said the commotion outside the courthouse lasted about ten minutes. Then several of the mob came back into the sheriff's office and laid the guards' weapons on the floor, telling the two not to follow.

The deputies said they waited until the men left, then went outside and saw Hoover's body dangling above the steps. When the vigilantes were "about fifty yards away," the officers fired four shots in the air to summon help, and Taylor went for the sheriff. Iflinger and his deputies cut the body down.

"To think, I'll be the first feller strangled to death by the sunkist!"

That morning, court readjourned to hear the trial of Simms. When Judge Bowen approached his desk, he kicked aside the rope which supposedly had been used to hang Hoover. The sheriff said he had left the rope on the courthouse steps while he and his deputies removed Hoover's body. When they returned, the rope was gone.

Judge Bowen also found a note left on his desk. He read it intently, then shoved it into a pocket. The judge never revealed what the note said, but it took only forty-five minutes for him to hear testimony, reach a decision, and sentence Simms to be hanged. Mrs. Bowen, who was again in the courtroom, approached the bench and whispered something to her husband. The judge called District Attorney Burris to the bench and then called a recess.

While the spectators collected in groups to discuss the hanging of Hoover and the trial of Simms—the judge, his wife, and Burris piled into their buggy and were last seen whipping their team of horses eastward out of town.

Later that day, Bartley, who was also the county's acting coroner, formed a coroner's jury composed of Samuel Hartsel, Timothy Bordon, Thomas N. Dunbar, A. Blandin, Aaron A. Allen and Asa W. Fisk. At the inquest for Hoover, the jury took the testimony of Sheriff Iflinger, his two deputies, and several others including one John L. Gray.

Gray, James M. Cole and Aaron A. Shelhamer had arrived at the Fairplay House soon after the shooting and carried the wounded Bennett upstairs to a bed in Room 105 where he later died. Sheriff Iflinger had asked the three to question Bennett about the shooting and to write down his answers. Bennett told the three men he had not had any words with Hoover about the ditch or any other matter, and "did not know he was around until he came in. . .I mean in the office."

"Did you have a pistol on when you came in the office?" Gray asked Bennett.

"No, I did not. I had nothing," Gray quoted the slain man.

"Have you any excuse to offer for Hoover's shooting you or anything that will help this case should he go to trial?" Gray then asked.

"No. No. No," Bennett replied. "Oh my God, he did it in cold blood!"

The coroner's jury, after taking the testimony, ruled that Hoover "came to his death by being hung by the neck, with a rope suspended from the front window of the Court House in the Town of Fairplay. . . .The said hanging was done by a party of masked men and to the jury unknown. And we further exonerate the Sheriff from all blame, having done all that was in his power to prevent."

The coroner's jury was then discharged and the Hoover case was closed. Technically, however, Judge Bowen's trial court remains "in recess" to this day, for it has never been formally adjourned.

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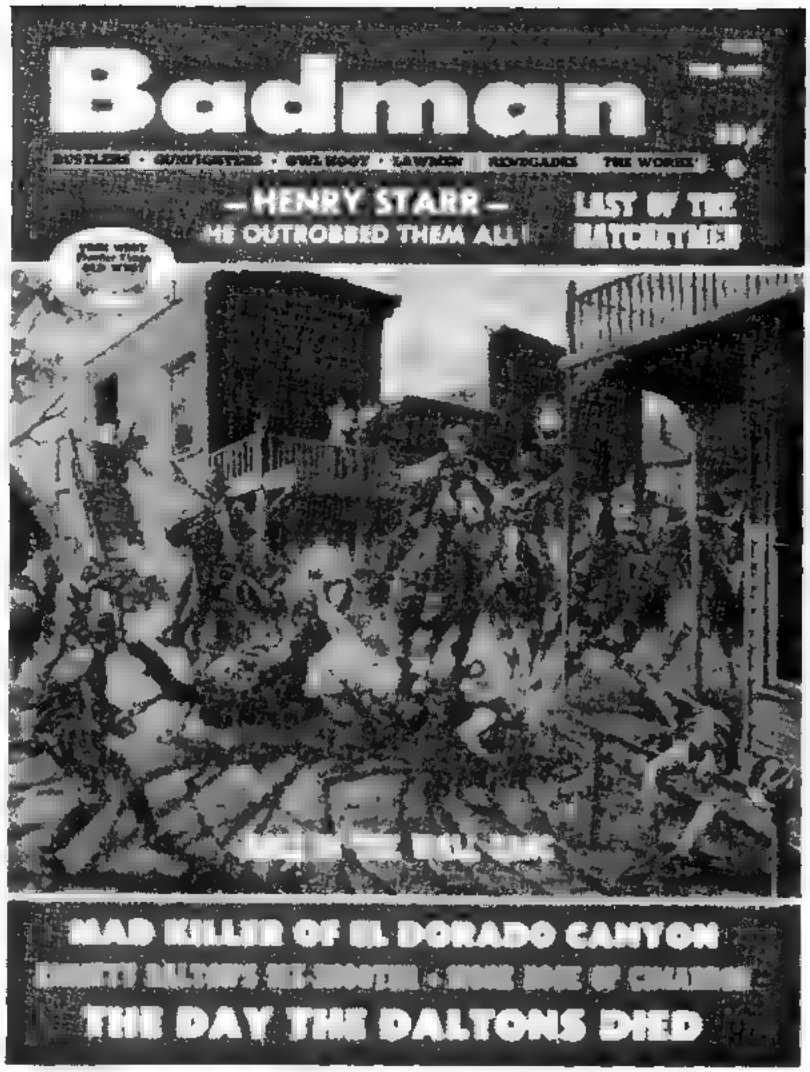
"These men lack a quality that most people have. Instead of having something—in this case courage—that most lack, they lack something that nearly everybody has. They lack fear. Their courage is not a positive quality that has been added, but a negative quality that has been omitted. Fear has been given to all animals as a protection, and they survive because they have it. They run away from danger and thereby avoid destruction. So do most people, whether they admit it or not. But there are exceptions, a few men who are fearless—utterly without fear."—Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.



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Readin', 'Ritin', and Retribution

(Continued from page 31)

had quite enough courage to put it into words.

The teacher never returned and was ultimately replaced by a schoolmarm. It is not known for certain, but it was rumored around town for many months that the sheriff's wife had asked her husband if he were going to check into the problem of the missing teacher by questioning Old Will, and his answer reportedly was, "Will don't come running to me everytime he has a sick calf on his hands, so I don't see no reason to bother him with my problems."

Jim White, photographed years after the schoolhouse flogging he helped stop.

Author's Note

The teacher's name was not Mr. Snowden. Young Will died seven years later in a fall inside Dead Indian's Cave, also called Ogles Cave. GM was killed in 1926, just a few months before his 34th birthday. Jim was better known as James Larkin White, major explorer and developer of the Carlsbad Caverns. Sam White was, for many years, Cattlemen's Inspector for the state and once rode an ostrich in a Tom Mix movie. Joe White is, as far as is known, retired and living in Long Beach, California.

Beulah, GM's sister, lives in Oak Creek, Arizona. Florence White, now Sublett, lives west of Ft. Worth, Texas. Sam, Jim and all the rest have passed on but the incident at the school was bright in their memories as long as they lived. "The Question" was also bright, but no one ever asked it, and Old Will never volunteered "The Answer."

White Gold?

(Continued from page 33)

City. They invited those from neighboring camps to join them. Time was not wasted on fancy speeches; it is said that the meeting lasted only an hour and a half. In that brief time the situation was stated, the remedy proposed, and plans made to carry it out.

Some old-timers claim that a committee of 500 men marched through Alder Gulch, armed and equipped with popular authority to search for and seize all flour wherever they found it. Ingenuity had been used in concealing the "dumpling dust," however. Flour was discovered tucked away in homemade grass-stuffed mattresses, in cellars under house floors, buried in haystacks, and even in outhouses. But many a horde was not found. The extensive search turned up only a disappointing 175 sacks. The owners were paid for it at the rate of $27 per hundred for Salt Lake flour and $30 for St. Louis flour. It had been agreed that at no time should flour be valued at more than $50 a sack.

There was resentment, of course, but except in the case of James Gormley, a Nevada City storekeeper, the committee met with very little resistance. Gormley had been one of the last to arrive in camp with a supply of flour the past fall. His pack train had plowed through the passes after they were so nearly blocked by snow that he had lost one mule in the struggle. Gormley showed the committeemen his expense sheet and told them he would sell them the flour for $45 a sack. "If you get it for any less," he informed them, "it will be over my dead body."

They could see that Gormley meant his words. They also realized that at their offered $27 per sack the merchant would take a heavy loss. His position was justified and they paid him his price.

On April 19 flour was parceled out in lots of ten pounds to each man, with an additional five pounds for each member of his family. Twenty-seven cents was charged for each pound of Salt Lake flour and thirty cents for that from St. Louis.

Among those said to have cleverly outwitted the searchers were John and Mortimer Lott, who operated a general merchandise store. Before the search began, John had gone to Stinking Water Valley where he was able to buy twenty sacks of flour from a trader. While he was gone the Lott store was searched and what flour was found was taken and paid for at the set price of $27 per sack. Somehow Mortimer was able to send word to his brother advising him of the situation. Instead of taking the shorter and more traveled road home, John took a circuitous trail over the hills which were covered with scrub cedar, a fairly good fire wood. John never lacked for ideas. He tied up the team, cut down enough of the small cedar trees to completely cover the flour in the bottom of the wagon and built them up to look like a good load of wood for the store's pot-bellied stove. As he traveled on, John was met by two members of the flour committee, who scrutinized his load but failed to detect the hidden flour. That night after dark, the Lotts unloaded the precious cargo, secreted it in the store, and according to rumor those twenty sacks sold at a profit of $600 in gold dust.

Folks who lived in Alder Gulch at the time said there were a number of similar incidents, regarded afterwards with amusement but, as they were not recorded, details and names have been forgotten. One incident, though, has remained in their memories and has been passed on to children and grandchildren. A man, known to be allergic to work, lived with his wife and a son by a former marriage in a shack on Alder Creek. The wife, a patient and hard-working woman, provided for the family with earnings made over a tub and washboard. The husband, who was not only lazy but abusive to his family, was surprised one day by a visit from his wife's former suitor. The visitor was shocked at what he saw and said so in no uncertain terms, adding that if the mistreatment did not stop at once, he would give the worthless fellow the beating of his life. A heated quarrel followed and finally the husband flared up with, "Why don't you take her yourself, if you're so stuck on her?"

That was an idea worth considering. Apparently tempers cooled and negotiations began. In the end a deal was made in which the wife was traded for $100 and two sacks of flour. The wife, who had given her consent, went before an understanding judge and was immediately granted a divorce. The next day the reunited sweethearts were joined in matrimony by a justice of the peace, and presumably a happy marriage resulted.

The shiftless husband was left with no wife to support him, and the flour on which he had counted to return a handsome profit was confiscated. He was paid $54 for the two sacks and allowed to buy back twenty pounds for himself and his son for $5.40.

ANOTHER story that lingered on, long after the flour shortage ended, concerned J. B. Laurin, a Frenchman who owned a ranch and kept a store on the Stinking Water about nine miles below Virginia City. According to word that got around, Laurin had managed to hide eighty sacks of flour on his property. When the big search was over, he quietly disposed of the flour at $110 per sack or more. Laurin became well known for his fine stock ranch and the splendid quality of his horses and poultry. A village that still bears his name grew up on or near his property. His house was the finest for miles around and his store was one of the best in the valley for many years. He built a fine stone church which he gave to the village. Laurin amassed quite a fortune—all, according to his admirers, as a result of his corner on flour.

While the flour search was going on in Alder Gulch the unhappy speculators held a meeting of their own to discuss their woes, but they received little sympathy. Although they felt they had been done wrong, no recourse was available. It is believed they averaged a loss of about six cents a pound, which added up to quite a sum.

May 22, 1865 was a gala time in Alder Gulch. It was the day that Bishop John Sharp's ox train of twenty-three wagons loaded with flour and other supplies pulled into Nevada City. The train, with David Dinin as agent for Bishop Sharp had left Farmington, Utah on April 1 and had been forty-four days en route. Oxen were slow but dependable. On May 23 a Howard and Livingston train made it through. This shipment had been snowbound beside the Snake since early Oct

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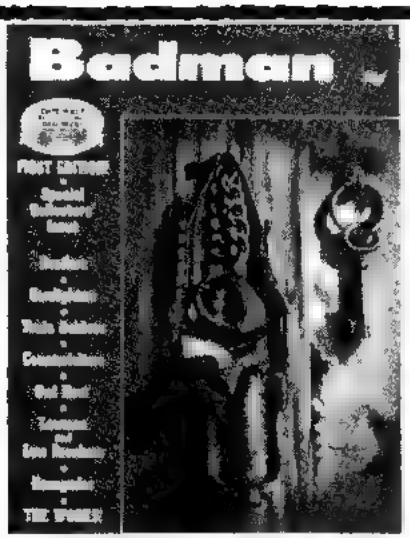

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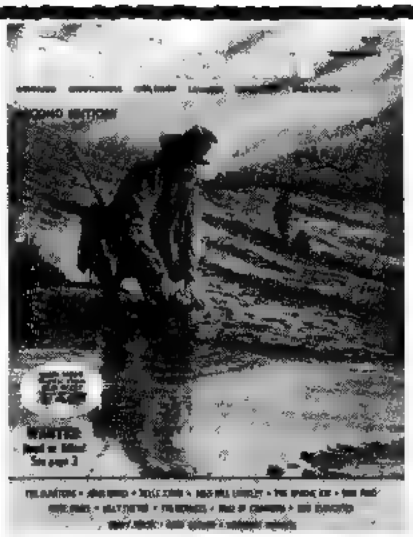

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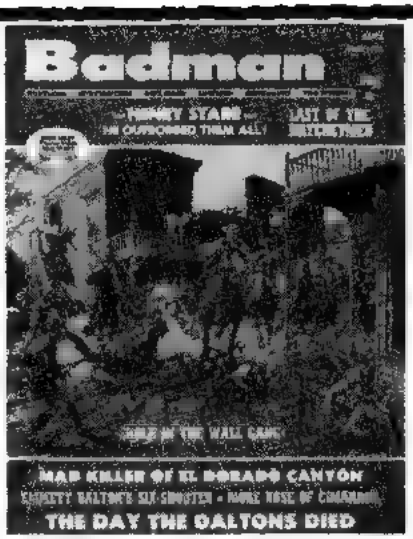

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ber. After that, supply trains began arriving regularly.

News of the slow moving wagontrains preceded them and Alder Gulch people mounted horses and hitched up to rigs to go down the Gulch to welcome them. Some folks probably hoped to get a little flour before it was unloaded at the stores; others just went for the joy of watching the impressive, almost-mile-long trains of heavily loaded wagons, their skilled drivers handling the jerk lines over as many as sixteen mules at one time. Men, women and children who could not go out to meet the approaching trains lined the road on both sides when they heard the bells of the leaders. Their rescuers from hunger were greeted with cheers and laughter, and some even with tears of gratitude.

For many of the miners and their families the long winter of "livin' on beef"—and not too much of that—was over. Empty store shelves were quickly filled with all sorts of treats. Soon the wonderful odors of fresh baked bread and dried apple pies drifted across the streets from one end of Alder Gulch to the other. There was feasting and dancing and much merrymaking. It was spring, the winter with its troubles was behind.

But poor Mr. Dinin, who broke the snow blockade, did not live long to enjoy either honor or profits. He was one of the victims of road agents in the Portneuf Canyon massacre of July 15, 1865. The robbers got away with $14,000 which was part of the proceeds from the sale of his cargo in Alder Gulch.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 19)

Davidson

A baby girl born March 15, 1909 at Helena, Montana and named Mary Ellen was placed in the Montana Children's home for adoption by a Mary Hill, sister to the child's mother, in July 1909. The mother's name was Lena Davidson. The father's name was Herman. The only information I have is that they were divorced. The mother was a Finn and the father, a Finn-Swede.

I have a letter from the home written to the foster parents that the mother, Lena, returned to Helena to get her baby which her sister had promised to care for and was told that her child had been placed in the Helena Orphan's Home and adopted by foster parents. Any information will be appreciated, as I am that child.—Mrs. Ethna Friensen, Route 1, Box 66, Polson, Montana 59860

Beecher

I am seeking any information about Caroline Beecher who lived in the Milton-Freewater area of Oregon in 1896. Later she married Joseph Mang who was a sheepman in Eastern Oregon, but I believe they moved to California and lived near Anaheim in 1928. Anyone knowing anything about her please contact me.—Mrs. Morris Burnett, Route 1, Box 401, Prineville, Oregon 97754

Hale

We would appreciate help in tracking down some of our relatives who went West many years ago. We are seeking information on the family of Nathan Hale, born in New York in 1836 and his wife Margaret, born in Ohio in 1842. They were in Wisconsin in the 1860s and 1870s. Their children born in Wisconsin that we know of are: William, born 1861; Maretta, born 1863; and Elsworth, born 1868. Also, Daniel Burrton Hale and his wife Eupherma and children, born in Burrton, South Dakota; Elisha Howard Phillips, born 1862 in Wisconsin; and his wife Flora Lucinda Brown and children. Any information on Boyers, Hales, Bundys, Stouts and Osgoods (whose mother was Rozy C. Bundy Hale Osgood), will also be appreciated.—Mrs. James Furseth, 12384 Ventura Boulevard, Rockford, Illinois 61111

Sibley

My mother, Lorna Sibley Anderson, had two half-brothers and a half sister, named Harold, Lewis and Virginia Sibley. She last saw them in 1917 when they were very small.

The three children were born near Pere Marquette, Michigan. They were taken by their parents, Albert (Bert)

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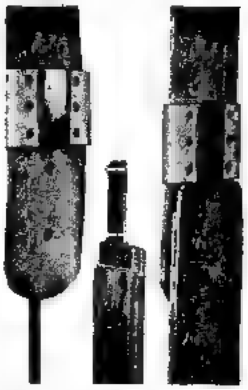

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(Continued from page 65)

and Lila Campbell Sibley, to Wyoming. There the father died and my mother never again heard from them.

We would love to hear from these children or receive any information anyone might have of them.—Mrs. Leora Puckett, 7942 Lavender Lane, Salinas, California 93901

Brumfield

My grandfather, Ira Granger Brumfield, was a circuit rider for the Church of Christ in Kansas, Indiana, Oklahoma, Texas, and California. He was born in 1858 in Evansville, Indiana. He married my grandmother, Hattie Francis Hall, who was born in Huntsville, Texas in 1863. My great grandmother's name was Lucinda Paul and great grandfather's name was William Harrison Hall. My great grandparents' children were four girls: Hattie Francis, Wilkes Booth, Lena, and Minnie Low; and two boys, Walker and Luther. My grandmother taught school in Hall, Kentucky. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who would remember or have knowledge of my ancestors.—Hattie Brumfield Hickman, 8252 Sepulveda Place, Van Nuys, California 91402

Rodgers

Forty-six years ago, a pretty, young woman in a new car driven by an older man brought a baby boy to an Oklahoma town. Will the mother please write to John Rodgers, 3433-18 S. E. Belmont, Portland, Oregon 97214

Mills-Mangum

I would like to hear from anyone who may have information about my ancestors on my mother's side of the family. Mother's maiden name was Mills, and she was three-quarters Cherokee Indian.

I desire any information on or about her father and her grandfather, Bell Mangum, a full Cherokee. We have reason to believe Bell Mangum was a chief, at one time, of a tribe in Tennessee but we don't have any information on him.

His daughter (name unknown) was my great-grandmother who married a part Cherokee by the name of Mills—given name not known. They had a boy, Charlie Mills, about 1840 who was my grandfather.

Charlie Mills became a government scout when he was about twenty or so. He was active in this at the same time as Kit Carson and they worked together and were reported to be good friends.

Also, grandfather had a very good friend named Jack McDoyle who came to be with him in Waldron, Arkansas at the time of his death in 1888.

At this time and for quite a while before, they both had been hiding from the law as they had been in a shooting scrape and had killed three men who had tried to rob them of their profits from a cattle drive from Texas to San Diego, California. That was supposed to be the first drive ever made to there.

Charlie Mills went by the name of Charlie Darling at different times. Anyone having information on these people, please let me hear from you, as so many county and state records have been destroyed pertaining to anything prior to 1890 on the Cherokee Nation and its people.—Mrs. Maxene Phillips, 4667 East Harvard Avenue, Fresno, California 93703

Rosier

I am looking for information concerning my grandfather, Miles Anderson (or Miles Matthew Rosier). He was born around Macon, Georgia between 1874 and 1877. He had a son by a previous marriage named Jim Rosier. Miles was last thought to be living around Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Any information will be appreciated.—Darlene McMillen, 16 South 3rd, Healdton, Oklahoma 73438

Rancho Laguna de San Antonio

Deseo informacion de los Salazars, Bojorques, Howes, Williams, Talamantes, Higuera, Lopez y los ostros de Rancho Laguna de San Antonio de los condados de Marin y Sonoma, Chileno Valley y el sitio de Spanish Town. Escribiendo una historia del rancho. Hoy, la laguna del este de Chileno Valley esta seco Algunas vecesla otra laguna de oeste tiene agua. If anyone has information on this rancho where Don Bartolome Francisco Bojorques settled in 1837, please write in English as I don't really know much espagnol.—Roger Rehm, 1145 Fernwood Street, West Sacramento California 95691

Webb

I am looking for my father, Richard Bland Webb, who has been gone from home over forty years. He would be about seventy-five years of age. He was born in Missouri, but last heard from in 1945 in Missoula, Montana, not directly, but through another person for whom the Montana post office has no address.

I would appreciate hearing from any one who knows anything of my dad dead or alive, as I have not seen him since I was two years old.—Mrs. Virena (Webb) Woolridge, 601 West 4th Street Sedalia, Missouri 65301

Davis

Would like to correspond with anyone having information on Thomas Kincheloe Davis who was born in 1801 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky. He went from Missouri to Texas with Austin in 183 with a family and a twin brother, Jesse Kincheloe Davis. I am especially interested in ascertaining who the parents were —Ralph L. Roye, Box 214, West Glacier Montana 59936

Custer (Custor)

We are seeking any information regarding William Jasper Custer (or Custor) or his relatives. He was born approximately 1848 at Fort Alamo or San Antonio, Texas. His mother, Lucinda Haskens (or Askens), died in childbirth and his military father died or was killed a short time after (or before).

Until the approximate age of twelv

(Continued on page 68)

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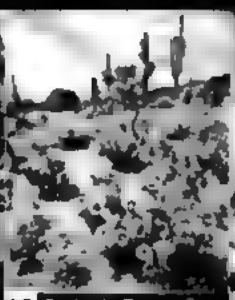
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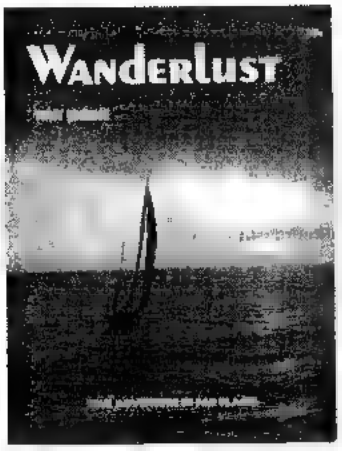

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 66)

to fourteen, he was raised by an uncle, Jim, who had a plantation in Texas, or possibly Illinois. He is said to be one of the original Texas Rangers. He later moved to the Arizona Territory where he won an award as the all-around cowboy of the region. He was married in Salt Lake City about age thirty-seven to Emma Turnbeaugh at the Mormon Temple.

The slighest information will be greatly appreciated.—Ruth Cox, 2026 S. E. Insley, Portland, Oregon 97202

Goodwin-Good

King George said, "Pay up, or get out," so my great-great grandpa sneaked out and came to America with his two brothers. They had gone broke in Essex County, England trying to sell their New England cousins goods they didn't want. My great-grandpa, Samuel Goodwin, was born in Center County, Pennsylvania in 1776. He was buried in Red Haw, Ohio in 1826. The three brothers' names, who were heirs of "knighted" Robert Goodwin, were David, Danuel, and Samuel Goodwin.

My grandpa, Samuel Goodwin, was born in 1817 either in Wayne County or Ashland County, Ohio where he built a large brick three-family house. He ran a brick kiln.

Dr. Good from near Winchester, Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley married a Shawnee princess, whose daughter became my grandmother. Her name was Elizabeth Good, born in 1819—I don't know where. The doctor and the Shawnee princess had another daughter who married a Miller. They had a son Joe Miller who married Jennie Goodwin, who was the wife of Lee Goodwin, oldest son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Good) Goodwin.

I believe that my grandparents, Samuel and Elizabeth, were married about 1844 in Red Haw, Ohio and they moved to Waterloo (De Kalb County) Indiana in 1855 and are buried there. Can anybody tell me anything about Dr. Good—where he was born, lived and died? Also his princess, and her name, birth or burial? Also their daughter Mary? It seems almost too much to ask if anybody has any information on where the three brothers lived in Center County, Pennsylvania about 1770-80?—The Chief, Desert-Gap Reservation, Land of Kapoosh, Coldwater, Michigan 49036

Lovell

Can anyone supply information on "Chicken Bill" Lovell? This character has appeared on the radio and TV "20-Mule Team Borax" series. These episodes are billed as true happenings in western history. I am wondering if I can hang "Chicken Bill" on my family tree. My grandfather was Frank Lovell, born in Kaneville, Illinois around 1850. As a young man he went west and at one time lived in Dodge City, Kansas; his oldest daughter was born there. He then came back to western Illinois and settled in De Kalb, Illinois. He died there at age eighty-six or eighty-eight in 1938. Anyone with information on "Chicken Bill" Lovell, please write.—Ellen Lovell Heitmanek, 1066 Pleasant Street, Springfield, Oregon 97477

Lewis-Wake-Wise-Booth

I am looking for information concerning my family. My surname, Lewis, come from John Lewis (my great-great-great grandfather) who was born in Virginia in 1777. He came to Arkansas from Alabama in 1846 with his sons, Joseph, Thomas and Jefferson, and his daughters, Mary Alys and Catherine. My grandmother Lewis was a Wake, and was born in Springfield, Illinois.

On my mother's side of the house, my grandfather was a Wise. It is vague but I believe his relatives came from Louisiana. My grandmother was a Booth and I have nothing concerning that branch other than immediate relatives. I believe my great-great-grandfather's name was Thomas Booth.

Any information concerning any of these branches would be greatly appreciated.—Betty Faye Lewis, Route 1, Waldo, Arkansas 71770

Ogle

I wish to hear from descendants of James Anderson Ogle, son of Absalom Ephraim and Lucy Pendleton Ogle, born in 1810 in Kentucky; listed in the 1850 census of Des Moines, Iowa; supposedly settled in Oregon, married and raised a family.—Mrs. A. G. Wolfe, 1235 Parnassus Place, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650

Richard Ruben Rountree

My great-grandfather, Richard Ruben Rountree, owned quite a bit of land in McCurtain County, Oklahoma in the late 1800s and early 1900s. He also lived in many other areas of Oklahoma after going there from Mississippi. He was married to Carrie Bell Westmoreland. Any information about them will be greatly appreciated.—Mary E. Mason 1614 Alta St., Redlands, California 92373

Stephens-Holt

I would like to locate any information on my grandparents, John Edger Stephens and Carrie Agnes Holt Stephens.

John Edgar's parents were Samuel Eresteous Stephens and Mary Ann Gasaway. Both were born in Mississippi and are buried in Apache, Oklahoma. When were they born? They had these children: Em, Donaldson, Mary, Carrie, Will, John Edger, Pearl, Monie, and Jim. Will passed away as a young man in Anadarko, Oklahoma. John passed away in San Jose, California; Monie passed away leaving two children, in Apache. Pear passed away in Fort Supply, Oklahoma John married Carrie Agnes Holt. They had thirteen children: Carrie Ellen Myrtle, John, Samuel, Loretta, Orvetta Katie, Pearl, Jird Dan (my father) Roberta, Hayden Eugene, and a boy and girl who died in infancy.

Carrie Holt's parents were Jird Hol and Martha Ellen Millholland. Jird Hol was born and died in Grapevine, Texas He died in January 1886 before my grandmother Carrie was born in March

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Martha Millholland first married Dan Clayton. They had two children, Dan and Annie Moser. The elder Dan passed away when Annie was nine months old. Martha then married Jird Holt. They also had two children, Samuel and Carrie Agnes. Both were born in Oklahoma. Carrie Agnes passed away in San Jose, California. Martha then married a man with the last name of Harvell. What was his first name? They had one child, Cora Harvell Reid Carter. She was born in Oklahoma.

There are family pictures taken in Greenville, Texas at Knight's Studio.—Judith Bysor, 242 Montclair Ave., #1, San Jose, California 95116

Hinds

I would like anyone with the last name Hinds to write me. This is for a genealogical history we are going to compile. —George Hinds, 406 Spark Street, Lead, South Dakota 57754

Stewart-Robertson

Would like information on my grandfather, Miles Milford Robertson, born 1846 and died 1898. Where was he born? He married Mary Ellen Saxton around 1869 and they raised eleven children in and around Gallatin, Missouri. Mary Ellen was born in 1857 and died in 1918.

My grandmother, Susannah Arminda Cambell Stewart, claimed she was kin to Belle Starr. Susannah was born in Hamilton County, Tennessee February 8, 1861 and married James Isaac Stewart November 29, 1879 in Van Buren, Arkansas. Would like any information on these people also.—George H. Roberston, Box 135, Indiahoma, Oklahoma 73552

Dolberg, Oklahoma School

I have a picture taken in front of the Dolberg, Oklahoma schoolhouse in 1919 or 1920. Here are a few of the pupils: Edna Norman, Montie Dilbeck, Bess Minnix, Bula Berry, Bertha Berry, Marvin Jones, Clark Hudson, Emett West, May West, Ethel Williams, Vertie Sinner, Bernice Hassell, Hazel Fairchild, and Mamie Fairchild. W. O. Pratt was the teacher.

I would like to hear from any of the above.—Raymond Bunyard, 15514 Elmbrook Drive, La Mirada, California 90638

Nunemaker

I would like to contact descendants of Daniel Nunemaker (1771-1863) (Nonemacher or Nonnamaker), who lived in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio. He is buried in Perry County, Ohio. I am his great-great-grandson. — Landis Nunemaker, 950 South Champion Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43206

Jensen

John C. Jensen, a son of Hans C. Jensen, was born in Deweyville, Utah in the early 1870s, left home at seventeen, and was possibly a timber worker in Idaho, Oregon or Washington. He's understood to have married and had some sons. His brothers were Peter and James. John was known to be six feet-three inches in his stocking feet when a lad. I am the youngest grandson of the two brothers'

(Continued on page 72)

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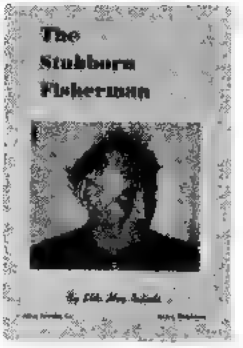

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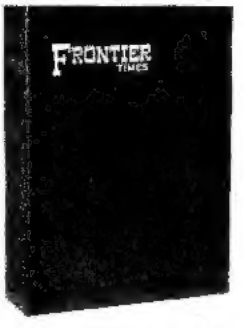

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

grandsons, being sixty-five as of this date. Any information would be appreciated.—George T. Jensen, Wheel Ranch, West Yellowstone, Montana 59768

Meeks-Roberts-Maston-Angland

John Meeks married Matildia Roberts (date unknown). She was the daughter of George Claude Roberts, M.D. of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. John Meeks and Matildia Roberts had two sons: William Matthew Meeks, born August 16, 1873; and Mert Meeks born May 10, 1876.

John Meeks disappeared when the boys were very small and was never heard of again. It is believed this took place in north Missouri. Matildia then married a man named Maston (first name ununknown) and they had three children.

Maude Maston married John Wynn; Victoria Maston married Earn Smedley; and Frankie Maston died at the age of eighteen and is buried near Eureka Springs, Arkansas on the old Maston farm. In 1967 the farm was owned by people named Johnson.

William Matthew Meeks married Jenny Key Wright May 29, 1900 in Harrison, Arkansas. Mert Meeks married Tabithia Angland July 2, 1897. Tabithia is believed to have been part Indian. Her mother was called Eue and that is all I have been able to find out about them. I believe Tabithia was born in north Missouri and died around 1905 in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone with the surname Angland or anyone who has information on any of the above families.—Rita Scott, P. O. Box 243, Spirit Lake, Idaho 83869

Everett

Would like to hear from anyone knowing the present address of Mary Everett who had an outstanding singing voice. She lived on North Fifth Street in Livingston, Montana the first part of the 1900s. She later married, but her husband's name is unknown. Her father was an insurance broker. She also had two sisters, one named Harriet.—L. M. S., 411-½ North Court Street, Fairfield, Iowa 52556

Guinlan-Travis-Laurance-Heck-Russell

Would like to hear from Harry P. Guinlan or anyone who knew him while he was stationed at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis, Missouri during World War I. He had red hair, blue eyes and was of a slender build. I believe his home was Chicago, Illinois.

Would also like to hear from Albert Travis who was a sergeant stationed at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis. I believe he was from Canada.

Information about any of the following people would be appreciated: Charley or Rosell Laurance of Frederickstown, Missouri; John Heck, who stayed with the Russell family in Bollinger County, Missouri; or Bertie Russell who may go by her adopted name of Miller, from Jackson, Missouri. She may have gone to Arizona or California.—Evelyn Cuno Russell, 1107 N. Franklin, Centralia, Illinois 62801

Seguin

I would like information about my brother, whom I haven't seen for fifteen years. His name is Albert Max Seguin and he married Rosie Lee Dodd. They had children, Albert T. Seguin and Helen Seguin. Last we heard of him he was in Bakersfield, California.—Mrs. Lillie Mae Pope, 7111 Hobsen, San Antonio, Texas 78223

Bryan-Britt-Cumbie-Glenn-Albriten

I am looking for information on some of my people and I would appreciate any help anyone has to offer.

Allen Barnell Bryan was born in 1838 and died in 1922 in Coke County, Texas. His first wife was a Miss King. They had eight children; Ada, wife of Roland Moore; Lela, wife of Johnny Hopper; Pennie, wife of John McNeill; Louis A., first wife Annie Martin and second wife, Molly Nettler; Dink, wife Laura; Hardy, first wife Ruby, second wife Frances (Fannie) Gordon; Stephen; never married; Tom A., wife Sally. After his first wife's death, Allen married Martha (or Mattie) Britt Lightfoot (widow of Casswell G. Lightfoot—who had six children: Lizzie, wife B. H. Jolley; Annie, wife of Gus Joplin; Mattie, wife of Richard Montgomery Smith; Ella, wife of Jim Martin; Cass, wife Sally; Tommie B, wife Molly Key). Allen and Martha had two sons—one died an infant, and Frank, born September 7, 1891 in Shelby County, Texas.

Artemus W. Cumbie and his wife, Sally Glenn, had children: Irvin, born in Georgia; Rufus Dean; Wood A; Lillie Birdie, born November 26, 1891 in Hawkins, Texas and died September 5, 1962 in Coke County, Texas; Clyce; Maron B. Jassmine, wife of Dofe Low; Mark; and Daisey.

Terrell Bryan was born November 1836 or 1837 in Bienville, Louisiana or near Macon, Georgia, and died May 1920 in Coke County, Texas. In 1857 or 1858 he married Harriet L. Albritten, born in 1836 or 1839 and died in 1909 in Erath County, Texas. They had thirteen children: Dorothy Elizabeth, born 1872 and died November 26, 1948 in Coke County, Texas, married Thomas S. Wylie in 1889 in Earth County, Texas; a girl that died a baby; Mark D.; Joshue B.; Edgar; Melvin; William; Adalaide; Georgia; Ida; Arthur C.; Laura, born March 28, 1878 and died July 18, 1908 in Erath County, Texas, married Harve Keith and had two daughters.—Mrs. Terry Bryan, P. O. Box 505, Robert Lee, Texas 76945

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